

56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 164, PICCADILLY.

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# THE LEISURE HOUR.

## A POOR GENTLEMAN.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.—THE TWO FAMILIES.



"IN MY OPINION, WHEN YOU HAVE A LARGE FAMILY, A LITTLE MONEY IS STILL BETTER."

"BETTER!" SAID SIR WALTER, LETTING HIS NEWSPAPER DROP UPON HIS KNEES.

THE house of Penton is one of the greatest in the county of which it is an ornament. It is an old house, but not of the kind which is now so generally appreciated and admired. It is not Elizabethan nor Jacobean, nor of the reign of Queen Anne. The front is Grecian, or rather Palladian, in heavy stone supplemented by plaster, with the balustrades of a stony terrace surmount-

ing the level frontage of the single storey, lofty, yet flat, which stretches like a screen across the higher cluster of building which forms the body of the house. When you turn the corner from this somewhat blank and low but imposing line you come upon the garden front, which is of the livelier French order of architecture, with long windows, and many of them. The gardens

are the pride of the house. These are arranged in terraces and parterres, brilliant with flowers, and there is even an elaborate system of water-works, a little out of order now, and a few statues here and there, half covered with lichens, yet not unworthy of better preservation. The rooms inside are lofty and sumptuous, intended for great entertainments and fine company, but the gardens are such as Watteau would have delighted in, and which he might have made the scene of many a *fête champêtre* and graceful group of fine ladies and fine gentlemen in costumes more brilliant than are now thought of. The grounds at Penton, indeed, are still filled at times with parties of gaily-dressed people, and the lawns brightened by maidens in muslin and young men in flannels; but Watteau would have had no sympathy with the activities of lawn-tennis. That popular game, however, was not pursued with any enthusiasm at Penton. It was permitted rather than encouraged. There was no youth in the house. Sir Walter Penton was an old man, and though he had, like most old gentlemen who figure in romance, an only daughter, she was not either young or fair. She was a lady of somewhat stern aspect, between forty and fifty, married, but childless. The household consisted of her father, her husband, and herself, no more. And there were many circumstances which combined to make it anything but a cheerful house.

Three or four miles from Penton, but on a lower level, lay the house of Penton Hook. It was on the banks of the river, planted on a piece of land which was almost an island in consequence of the curve of the stream which swept round it. The great house stood high on the brow of the bank, an object seen many miles off, and which was the distinguishing feature of the landscape. The smaller one—so small that it was scarcely worthy to be called a country place at all—lay low. When the river was in flood, which happened almost every winter, Penton Hook stood dismally, with all its little gardens under water, in what seemed the middle of the stream. And though the Pentons all protested that the water never actually came into the house, which was raised on a little terrace, their protest was received by all their neighbours with shaking of their heads. Everything was green and luxuriant, as may be supposed. The house was so covered with creepers that its style was undefinable. A little glimmer of old red brick, delightfully toned and mellowed, looked out here and there from amid the clusters of feathery seedpods on the clematis, and below the branches of the *gloire de Dijon* in winter. In the brighter part of the year it was a mass of leaf and flower: but during all the dark season, when the water was up, when the skies were dark, damp and dreariness were the characteristics of Penton Hook. The rooms looked damp, there was a moist look about the tiles in the little hall. The paper was apt to peel off and the plaster to fall. There were many people who declared that the house was a very fever-trap, and everybody was of opinion that it must be unhealthy. It ought to have been so, indeed, by every rule of sanitary science. A kind Providence alone took care of

the drainage. Mr. Penton did not know much about it, and took care not to inquire: for had he inquired it would probably have been necessary to do something, and he had no money to spend on such vanities. Neither, indeed, did there seem much occasion, for, notwithstanding what everybody said, eight young Pentons, tall and straight, and ailing nothing, with appetites which were the despair of their mother, grew up and flourished among the mud and damp, and set all prognostications at defiance.

Nothing could be more unlike than the two families who bore the same name, and lived within sight of each other. The one all gravity and importance and severe splendour; the other poor, irregular, noisy, full of shifts and devices, full of tumult and young life. Mrs. Penton, Sir Walter's daughter (for her husband, who was nobody in particular, had taken her name), went from time to time with the housekeeper through the ranges of vacant rooms, all furnished with a sort of sombre magnificence, to see that they were aired and kept in order; while her namesake at the Hook (as it was called) schemed how to fit a bed into a new corner, as the boys and girls grew bigger, to make room for their lengthening limbs and the decorums which advancing years demanded. It was difficult to kill time in the one house, and almost impossible to find one day long enough for all the work that had to be done in it, in the other. In the one the question of ways and means was a subject unnecessary to be discussed. The exchequer was full, there were no calls upon it which could not be amply met at any moment, nor any occasion to think whether or not a new expense should be incurred. Mr. Russell Penton, perhaps, the husband of Mrs. Penton, had not always been in this happy condition. It was possible that in his experience a less comfortable state of affairs might have existed, or even might still, by moments, exist; but so far as the knowledge of Sir Walter and his daughter went, it was only mismanagement, extravagance, or want of financial capacity which made anybody poor; they could not understand why their relations at the Hook should be needy and embarrassed.

"So long as one knows exactly what one's means are," said Mrs. Penton, "what difficulty can there be in arranging one's expenditure? There are certain things which can, and certain things which can't be done on a certain income. All that is necessary is to arrange one's outgoings accordingly."

"You see that, my dear," Sir Walter would reply, "for you were born with the spirit of order: but there are some people who have no sense of order at all."

The some people were the poor people at Penton Hook. These remarks were made on a day in winter, when the family at the great house were together in the library. It was a very comfortable room, nay, a beautiful one. The house was warmed throughout, and in December was genially, softly, warm as in May, no cold to be got anywhere in corridors or staircases. The fire in the library was a wood fire, for beauty and

pleasantness rather than for warmth. The walls were lined with books, dim lines of carved shelves with gleams of old gilding, and an occasional warm tone of mellowed Italian vellum here and there giving them a delightful covering. The large window looked across the country, commanding the whole broad plain through which the river ran. This landscape fell away into lovely tones of distance, making you uncertain whether it was the sea or infinitude itself at which you were gazing, in far-away stretches of tender mist, and blueness, and dimness, lightly marked with the line of the horizon. Over the mantelpiece there was one picture, the portrait of an ancestor of whom the Pentons were proud—a veritable Holbein, which was as good, nay, far better, than the most finely emblazoned family pedigree. There was no room for other pictures because of the books which filled every corner: but a portfolio stood open upon a stand in which there was a quantity of the finest old engravings, chiefly historical portraits. Amid this refined and delightful luxury it would be foolish to mention the mere furniture, though that was carved oak, and very fine of its kind. Sir Walter himself sat surrounded by all the morning papers, which, as Penton was not very far from town, were delivered almost as early as in London. Mrs. Penton had a little settlement of her own between the fire and one of the windows, where she made up her household accounts, which she did with the greatest regularity. Mr. Russell Penton was the only member of the little party who seemed at all out of place. He had no special corner which he made his own. He was a restless personage, prone to wander from the fire to the window, to look out though there was nothing particular to look at, nothing more than he saw every day of his life, as his wife sometimes said to him. He ran over the papers very quickly, very often standing before the fire, which was a favourite trick of his: and after he had got through that morning duty he would lounge about disturbing everybody—that is, disturbing Mrs. Penton and Sir Walter, who were the only people subject to be affected by his vagaries. He never had letters to write, though this is one of the first duties of man, of the kind of man who has nothing else to do. A man who has no letters to write should at least pretend to do so, assuming a virtue if he has it not, in the leisure of a country house; or he should have some study, if it were only the amount of the rainfall; or he should draw and expound art. But none of all these things did Mr. Russell Penton do. And he had not the art of doing nothing quietly and gracefully as some men have. He was restless as well as idle, a combination which is more trying to the peace of your housemates than any other can be.

Sir Walter was essentially well bred, and the carpets were very thick, and the panelling of the floors very solid; but yet there is always a certain thrill under a restless foot, however steady the flooring is and however thick the carpet; and Mrs. Penton could not help seeing that her father now and then stopped in his reading and fixed his eyes and contracted his eyebrows with a

consciousness of the movement. But after all it is difficult to find fault with one's husband for nothing more serious than walking from the fire to the window and from the window back to the fire.

Yet it was this rather detrimental and unmeaning personage who chose suddenly, without any reason at all, to cross the current of family feeling. "The spirit of order is a very good thing," he said, all at once, making his wife hold her breath, "but, in my opinion, when you have a large family a little money is still better." This speech was launched into the domestic quiet like an arrow from a bow.

"Better!" said Sir Walter, letting his newspaper drop upon his knees, and pushing up his spectacles upon his forehead the better to see the speaker, who was standing, shutting out the pleasant blaze of the log on the fire in his usual careless way.

"Gerald means," said his wife, "that it is easier to keep things in order when there is money. I have heard people say so before, and perhaps it is true—to a certain extent. You know, sir, that when one has money in hand one can buy a thing when it is cheap: one can lay in one's provisions beforehand. The idea is not original, but there is a certain amount of truth in it, I dare say."

"No one supposed there was not truth in it," said Sir Walter; "for that matter there is truth in everything, the most paradoxical statement you may choose to make; but these people are not without money, I suppose. They have an income, whatever the amount may be. They are not destitute. And so long as you have certain means, as you were yourself saying, Alicia, you know what you can afford to spend, and that is what you ought to spend by every law, and not a penny more."

"Nothing could be more true," said Mrs. Penton, with a look from under her eyelids to her husband, who was fidgeting from one leg to another, restless as usual; "and speaking of that," she said, with curious appropriateness, "I have been anxious to ask you, papa, about the tapestry chamber, of which, you know, we have always been so proud. Mrs. Ellis and I have made a very odd discovery—the moth has got into one of the best pieces. We have done all we could, and I think we have arrested the mischief, but to put it right is beyond our powers."

"Dear me! the tapestry!" cried Sir Walter; "that's serious indeed—the moth! I should think you might have done something, you and all your women, Alicia, to keep out a moth."

"One would think so, indeed," she said, with a smile, "but it is not so easy as it seems. It is an insidious little creature, which gets in imperceptibly. One only discovers it when the mischief is done. Gerald, who is so very clever in such matters, thinks we had better get a man over from Paris, from the Gobelins. It would be a good deal of trouble, but still it is the best way."

"I was not aware that Gerald knew anything about such matters," said Sir Walter. "As for

the trouble, it is only writing a letter, I suppose. But do it, do it. I cannot have anything happen to my tapestry. A man from Paris will be a nuisance—they're always a nuisance, those sort of fellows—but get it done, get it done."

"I will write at once," Mrs. Penton said.

"I remember that tapestry as long as I remember anything," said the old gentleman, musing. "In the firelight we used to think the figures moved. It used to be my mother's room. How frightened I was, to be sure! One night, I recollect the hunters and the hounds seemed all coming down upon us. There was a blazing fire, and it was the dancing of the flames, don't you know? I was no bigger than that," he said, putting his hand about a foot from the ground. The recollection of his infancy pleased the old man. He smiled, and the expression of his face softened. There was nothing cruel or unkind in his aspect. He was a little rigid, a little severe, very sure that he was right, as so many are: but when he thought of his mother's room, and himself a little child in it, his ruddy aged countenance grew soft. Had there been another little child there, to climb upon his knee, it would have melted altogether. But Providence had not granted that other little child. He gave a wave of his hand as he dismissed these gentle thoughts. "But get the man from Paris, my dear; don't let anything go wrong with the tapestry," he said.

Mr. Russell Penton went out as his wife turned to her writing table, and at once began her necessary letter. It was true that it was he who recommended that a man from Paris should be procured, but he had done it without any of that cleverness in such matters which his wife attributed to him. He was not, perhaps, a man entirely adapted for the position in which he found himself. He had occupied it for a long time, and yet he had not yet reconciled himself to that constant effort on his wife's part to make him agreeable to her father.

For his own part he had no desire to be disagreeable to Sir Walter or any man; he had married with a generous affection if not any hot romantic love for Alicia: for they were both, he thought, beyond the age of romantic love. She had been thirty-five, very mature, very certain of herself; while he, though a little older and a man who had, as people say, knocked about the world for a long time, and undergone many vicissitudes, was not at all so sure. She had picked him up out of—not the depths, perhaps—but out of an uncomfortable, unsettled, floating condition, between gentility and beggary; and had taken him into the warmest delightful house, and made everything comfortable for him. He had been very willing to make himself agreeable, to do what he could for the people who had done so much for him, and yet so unreasonable was he that he had never been able quite to reconcile himself to the position. He could scarcely endure those warning glances not to go too far, not to say this or that, or her pretences of consulting him, of being guided by his counsels, the little speeches, such as had been made to-day, about Gerald being so clever—which was

his wife's way of upholding her husband. He was not clever, and he did not wish to pretend to be so. He was not cautious, and he could not take the credit of it. He had been thought to be a fortune-hunter when he married, and he was supposed to be a time-server now; and yet he was neither one thing nor the other. He was fond of Alicia and he liked Sir Walter well enough; yet there were moments when he would rather have swept a crossing than lived in wealth and luxury at Penton, and when the sacrifices which he had to make, and the advantages which he gained in return, were odious to him, things which he could scarcely bind himself to bear.

This was perhaps the reason why, as he went out, without anything to do or to think of, and looking across that wide, bare, yet bright, wintry landscape, losing itself in the wistful distance, caught the chimneys of Penton Hook appearing among the bare trees, there occurred to his mind a contrast and comparison which made his sensations still less agreeable. It was nobody's fault, certainly not his, not even Sir Walter's, that the Pentons at the Hook were so poor, that there were eight children of them, that it was so difficult for the parents to make both ends meet. Could Sir Walter have changed the decrees of Providence by any effort in his power, it was he who should have had those eight sturdy descendants. He would have accepted all the responsibilities gladly; he would have secured for those young people the best of everything, an excellent education, and all the advantages that wealth could give. But the children had gone where poverty not riches was; and to Sir Walter and Alicia it was a wonder that their parents could not keep within their income, that they could not cut their coat according to their cloth, as it is the duty of all honest and honourable persons to do. Alicia in particular was so very clear on this point; and then she had turned to her table, and written her letter, and ordered the man to be sent from Paris from the great Gobelins manufactory to mend the damages made by the moths in the old tapestry! How strange it was! Russell Penton could not tell what was wrong in it. Perhaps there was no conscious wrong. They had a right to have their tapestry mended, and it was pretty, he could not but confess, to see the old man forget himself and talk of the time when he was a child. What was that about a treasure which rust or moth could not corrupt? It kept haunting his ear, yet it was not applicable to the situation. It would be a thousand pities to let the tapestry be spoiled. And as for taking upon his shoulders the burden of Mr. Penton's large family, no one could expect old Sir Walter to do that. What was wrong in it? And, on the other hand, he could not find it in his heart to blame the poor people at the Hook who had so many cares, so much to do with their income, so many mouths to feed. It was not their fault, nor was it the fault of Alicia and her father. And yet the heart of the man, who was little more than a looker-on, was sore. He could do nothing. He could not even find any satisfaction in blaming one or the other; for, so far as he could see, nobody was to blame.



## CHAPTER II.—PENTON.

THE family at Penton had not always been so few in number. Twenty years before the opening of this history there were two sons in the great house; and Alicia, now so important, was, though always a sort of princess royal, by no means so great a personage as now. She was the only daughter of the house, but no more; destined apparently, like other daughters, to pass away into a different family and identify herself with another name. The two brothers were the representatives of the Pentons. They were hopeful enough in their youth—healthy, vigorous, not more foolish than young men of their age, with plenty of money and nothing to do; and it was a surprise to everybody when, one after the other, they took the wrong turn in that flowery way of temptation, so smooth to begin with, so thorny at the end, which is vulgarly termed “life.” No such fatal divergence was expected of them when Walter came of age, and all the neighbourhood was called together to rejoice. They were both younger than their sister, who was already the mistress of the house, and a very dignified and stately young lady, at this joyful period. Their mother had died young, and Sir Walter was older than the father of such a family generally is. He had, perhaps, not sufficient sympathy with the exuberance of their spirits. Perhaps the quiet which he loved, the gravity of his house, repelled them, and led them to form their friendships and seek their pleasures elsewhere. At all events, the young Pentons “went wrong,” both of them, one after the other. Edward Penton, of the Hook, a young relation of no importance whatever, was much about the house in those days. He was the son of Sir Walter’s cousin, who had inherited the house at Penton Hook from some old aunts, maiden sisters of a far-back baronet, so that the relationship was not very close. But the bonds of kindred are very elastic, and count for much or for nothing, as inclination and opportunity dictate. Edward was much more about the house of Penton than was at all for his good. He fell in love with Alicia for one thing, who naturally would have nothing to say to her poor relation; and, what was still worse, he was swept away by Walter and Reginald in the course of their dissipated career into many extravagances and follies. They drew him aside in their train from all the sober studies which ought to have ended in a profession; they taught him careless ways, and the recklessness which may be pardonable in a rich man’s son, but is crime in the poor. It is true that there was something in him—some gleam of higher principle or character, or perhaps only the passive resistance of a calmer nature—which held him back from following them to the bitter end of their foolish career; but all the same they did him harm—harm which he never got the better of, though it stopped short of misery and ruin. They themselves did not stop short of anything. There are some sins like those which made the heart of the Psalmist burn within him—sins which seem to go unpunished, and in the midst of which the wicked appear to flourish like

a green bay-tree. And there are some which carry their own sentence with them, and in which the vengeance does not tarry. Even in the latter case ruin comes more slowly to the rich than to the poor. They have more places of repentance, more time to think, more possibility, if a better impulse comes to them, of redeeming the past; but yet, in the end, few escape who embark their hopes and prosperity on such a wild career.

There were ten years in the history of the Penton household of which the sufferings and the misery could not be told. Sir Walter and his daughter lived on in their beautiful house and watched the headlong career towards destruction of these two beloved boys (still called so long after they had become men) with anxiety and anguish and despair which is not to be told. There are few families who do not know something of that anguish. Of all the miseries to which men and women are liable there is none so terrible. In every other there is some alleviation, some gleam of comfort, but in this none. The father grew old in the progress of these terrible years, and the proud Miss Penton, the handsome, stately young woman, who looked, the neighbours said, “as if all the world belonged to her,” grew old too, before her time, and changed and paled, and turned to stone. Not that her heart was turned to stone—on the contrary, it was a fountain of tears; it was a well of tenderness unfailing; it was the heart of a mother, concentrated upon those objects of her love for whom she could do nothing, who were perishing before her eyes. The Pentons were proud people, and they kept up appearances; they entertained more or less, whatever happened. They had parties of visitors in their house; they kept up the old-fashioned hospitality, and all that their position exacted, and never betrayed to the world the agonised watch they were keeping, as from a watch-tower, upon the proceedings of the young men who would have none of their counsel, and who returned more and more rarely, and then only when help, or nursing, or succour of some sort was wanted, to their home. Latterly, under the excuse of Sir Walter’s health, there was a certain withdrawal from the world, and the father and daughter accomplished their miserable vigil with less intrusion of a watchful neighbourhood. First Reginald and then Walter came home to die. Death is kind: he sheds a light upon the wasted face even when it is sin that has wasted it, and wrings the heart of the watchers with looks purified by pain, that remind them how the sinner was once an innocent child. Through all this the father and daughter went together, leaning upon each other, yet even to each other saying but little. They were as one in their anguish, in their lingering hopes, in the long vigils by these sick-beds, in the unutterable pangs of seeing one after another die. Ten years is a long time when it is thus told out in misery and pain. Alicia Penton was a woman of thirty-five when she walked behind the coffin of her last brother to the family burying-ground. She was chief mourner, as she had been chief nurse and chief sufferer all through, for Sir Walter had broken down altogether at the deathbed of his last boy.

This double tragedy passed over with little revelation to the outside world. Everybody, indeed, knew what lives the young men had lived, and how they had died. And people pitied the father to whom it must be, they felt, so great a disappointment that his baronetcy and his old lands should go out of the family, and that in the direct line he should have no heir. If only one of them had married, if there had been but a child to carry on the family, the kind neighbours said. It was thought that Sir Walter was far more proud than tender, and that this would be his view. As for Miss Penton, it was believed that she must find great consolation in the fact that her position and her importance would be so much increased. A few years quiet (such as was inevitable in their deep mourning) would make up for all the sacrifices Sir Walter had made for the boys; and then Alicia would be a great heiress, notwithstanding that a considerable portion of the estate was entailed. People thought that when she realised this, Alicia Penton would dry her tears.

She did not in any case make very much show of her tears. Her father and she went on living in the great, silent house, where now there was not even an echo to be listened for, a piece of evil news to be apprehended; where all was silent, silent as the grave. She had been courted as much as most women in her younger days; she had been loved, but she had listened to no one. Her youth had glided away under the shadow of calamity, the shadow which had stolen away all beauty and freshness from her and made her old before her time, and, lest they should express too much, had turned her features to stone. She had always been stately, but she was stern now that all was over, and there was neither terror for the future nor sound of the present to keep her tortured heart alive.

But naturally, after a while, these intense emotions, which no one suspected, were calmed, and life began again. Life began even for Sir Walter, who was nearly seventy, much more for his daughter, who was thirty-five. They could not die, nor could they darken their windows and shut out the sunshine for ever because two poor wrecks, two dismal, ruined lives, had come to an end. It must be such a relief, people said, even though no doubt it was a grief in its way. And though the ending of anxiety in such a way seems almost an additional pang, an additional loss to obstinate love, yet after all it is a dismal relief in its blank and stillness. And life had to be carried on. When Miss Penton, Sir Walter's only child and heiress, came out of her long seclusion there were still men to be found who admired, or said they admired, her, and who were very eager to place themselves at her disposal. Among these was Gerald Russell, a man who had once been kind to one of "the boys," and who was known as the most good-natured, the least exacting of men. He was poor; he had no particular standing of his own to confuse the family arrangements: and the two liked each other. Truly and honestly they liked each other; he had been almost a suitor of her youth, kept back, both of them were willing to believe, by his poverty. Gerald Russell was

not unaware that there would be sacrifices to make, that he was accepting a position not without drawbacks, in which, indeed, there might possibly be a good deal to bear. But he had not made much of his life hitherto, and he made up his mind to risk it. And they married, and he was not unhappy. This was the present position of affairs. He was not unhappy, and she was more nearly happy than she could have been had he not been there. Had "anything happened," as the phrase goes, to him—that is, had he died—the world would have become blank to Alicia. Had she been the victim Mr. Russell Penton would have been truly grieved, and would have mourned honestly for his wife, but the sense of freedom might perhaps have been something of a compensation to him. Thus they were not equal any more than two human creatures ever are equal. She seemed to have the best of it upon the surface of affairs. She was the head of the house. Both without and within she was the pivot upon which everything turned, and he was by no means of equal importance; but yet he would have been to her a greater loss than she to him, which perhaps made the balance equal once more.

He returned to that question about the tapestry when they set out, as was their custom in the afternoon, to take a walk together. They went through the wood which covered the crest of the high river bank upon which Penton stood, and which defended the house from the north. Everything, it is needless to say, was beautifully kept, the woodland paths just wild enough to preserve an aspect of nature amid the perfection of foresting and landscape gardening on the largest scale. Wherever there was a point of view the openings were skilfully arranged so as to get its finest aspect, and the broad valley, or rather plain, stretched out below with village spires and scattered clusters of houses, and a red-roofed town in the distance, with a light veil of smoke hanging between it and the sky. The river flowed full and strong in its winter volume at their feet, reflecting the grey blueness of the heavens, the deeper colours that began to blaze about the west, and the grey whiteness of the vapours overhead. It was when they had turned, after a momentary pause at one of these mounts of vision, that Russell Penton turned suddenly to his wife with a smile,

"Did you send for the man from the Gobelins?" he said.

"Yes. What put that into your mind now?"

"Nothing; the chimneys at Penton Hook," he replied.

"And why the chimneys at Penton Hook? Your mind jumps from one subject to the other in the strangest way. What connection can there be between two things so unlike?"

"Nothing," he said, with a faint laugh; "and yet perhaps more than meets the eye. There is no great volume of smoke rising from those chimneys. A faint blue streak or so and that is all. It does not look like fire in every room or a jolly blaze in the kitchen."

"What are you aiming at, Gerald? I think you mean mischief. No; probably they have not fires in all the rooms; but what has that to do with us



or with the man from Paris? I don't follow you," she said.

"My dear Alicia, what does it matter? My ways of thinking are jerky, you are aware. If you had as many children as poor Mrs. Penton you would have fires in all the rooms."

"Ah! if—" she said, with a sigh; then, in a tone of impatience, "Poor Mrs. Penton, as you call her, and I—would probably not in any circumstances act in the same way."

"No, because you are rich Mrs. Penton, my dear. I think you were a little hard upon them, upon the duty of keeping within your income, and all that. I dare say the children have blue little hands and cold noses. If they were mine they should have fires in their rooms whatever my income might be."

"They would have nothing of the sort—that is, if I were your wife, Gerald," said Mrs. Penton, with composure. She made a little pause, and then added, with a momentarily quickened breath, "Perhaps under these circumstances I might not have been so."

He felt the blow; it was a just one, if not perhaps very generous. And if he had been a man of hot temper, or of very sensitive feelings, it would have wounded him. But he was pacific and middle-aged, and knew the absolute inutility of any quarrel. So he answered quietly, "As I cannot conceive myself with any other wife in any circumstances, that is not a possibility we need consider."

Mrs. Penton's mind went quickly, though her aspect was rigid. She had begged his pardon before these words were half said, with a quick rising colour, which showed her shame of the suggestion she had made.

"I was wrong to say it: yet not wrong in what I said. If you had been a poor man, Gerald, your wife would have known how to cut her coat according to her cloth."

"You mean if she had not been a rich woman. It is ill judging, they say in Scotland, between a full man and a fasting. I have a proverb, you see, as well as you. You were quite right, my dear, to send for that man from the Gobelins: but I would say nothing about my poor neighbours and the coat that is not cut according to the cloth."

"If you think I am wrong you should say so plainly, Gerald." The colour still wavered a little upon her cheek. She was perhaps not so patient even of implied blame as she thought she was. "It is perhaps wrong," she added, quickly, "but I should not wonder if I shared without knowing it my father's feeling about the heir. Oh, you need not say anything; I know it is unreasonable. It is not Edward Penton's fault that he is the next in the entail. But human creatures are not always reasonable, and they say no man likes to be haunted with the sight of his heir."

"Poor heir!" said Russell Penton, very softly, almost under his breath.

"Poor heir? I should say poor possessor, poor old man, who must see his home go into the hands of a stranger!"

They had come to another point where their accustomed feet paused, where the bare winter

boughs, with all their naked tracery, framed in a wide opening of sky and cloud and plain, and where once more those clustered chimneys of Penton Hook, with their thin curls of smoke, seemed to thrust themselves into the front of the landscape. The house lay almost at the gazers' feet, framed in with a cluster of trees, encircled with a glowing sweep of the stream, which looked like a ribbon of light full of shimmering colour, round the brown settlement of the half-seen building and wintry branches. Mrs. Penton clasped her hands together with a sudden quick suppressed movement of strong feeling, and turned hastily away.

#### CHAPTER III.—PENTON HOOK.

SOON after the day when this discussion was carried on among the woods of Penton over their heads, the family at Penton Hook were holding a sort of committee of ways and means in their damp domain below. The winter afternoon was clear and bright, and the river ran in deceitful brightness round the half-circle of the little promontory. It was not of itself at all a disagreeable house. If it had not been that the mud and wetness of the garden paths, where the water seemed to well up even through the gravel, made every foot-step mark the too bright blue and brown tiles in the hall, and gave it a sloppy and disorderly look, the entrance itself might have been pretty enough; but there had been no attempt made to furnish or utilise it, and there were tracks of glistening steps across it in different directions to the different doors, all of which opened out of the hall. And the drawing-room was a well-sized, well-shaped room, with three or four windows; a room of which, with a little money and taste, something very pretty might have been made. But the windows were turned to the north, and the furniture was bare and worn; the walls and the carpets and curtains had all alike faded into a colour which can only be described as being the colour of poverty. The pattern was worn and trodden out upon the carpet; it was blurred and dull upon the walls—everything was of a brownish, greenish, greyish, indescribable hue. The pictures on the walls seemed to have grown grey too, being chiefly prints, which ran into the tone of the whole. The table at which Mrs. Penton (poor Mrs. Penton) sat with her work was covered with a woollen cover, the ground of which had been red with a yellow pattern; but it (perhaps mercifully) had faded too. And as for the lady, she was faded like everything else. Her dress, like the room, had sunk into the colour of poverty. There was nothing about her that was above the level of matter-of-fact dulness. She was darning stockings, and they were also indefinite in hue. Her hair, which had been yellow or very light brown, had lost its gloss and sheen. It was knotted behind in a loose knot, and might have been classical and graceful had it not suggested that this was the easiest way possible to dispose of those abundant locks. Her head was stooped over her work; her basket on the table was overflowing. She paused now and

then and looked up to make her observation when it was her turn, but not even for the sake of the family consultation could she intermit her necessary work. Nine pairs of stockings, not to speak of her own, are a great deal for a woman to keep in order. Her own were not much worn, for she walked very little. She was one of those women who are indolent by nature, yet always busy. Once seated at her work, stocking after stocking went through her hands, and holes as big as a half-moon got deftly, swiftly, silently filled up; but it cost her an effort to rise from her seat to

speak, like a crumbling wall; to go sinking, telescoping into himself like a slippery mass of sand or clay. There was an anxious look in his countenance, contradicting the pretensions of that prominent feature, the nose, which looked aristocratic, his family thought, and did its best to look strong. It was the mouth that did it, some people thought, a mouth which was manifestly weak, with all kinds of uncompleted piteous curves about it, and dubious wavering lines. His lower lip would move vaguely from time to time, as though he were repeating something. He was



THE FAMILY AT PENTON.

go about her domestic business. She was indolent in movement, though so industrious; a piece of still life, though her hands were never idle. This was the kind of woman to whom, in his maturer judgment, the man who had once been Alicia Penton's adorer had turned.

He was not far from her, seated in an elbow-chair, not an easy-chair, but an old-fashioned mahogany article with arms, upon which he reposed his elbows. His hands were clasped in front of him, and now and then, when he forgot himself, he twirled his thumbs. He bore a family likeness to Sir Walter Penton, having a high nose and long face: but he was not the same kind of man. Old Sir Walter at nearly eighty was firm and erect still, but Edward Penton was limp. He was prone to tumble down upon himself, so to

dressed in knickerbockers and gaiters and a rough coat, as if he had a great deal to do out of doors. He might have been a gentleman farmer, or a squire with an estate to look after, or even a gamekeeper of a superior kind: but he was nothing of all these. He was only a man who lived in the country, and had nothing to do, and had to walk about, as it were, for daily bread.

On the corner of the table, not far from Mrs. Penton, sat, with his legs swinging loosely, a younger, a quite young man; indeed poor Wat did not know that he was a man at all, or realise what he was coming to. He was the eldest son. That did not seem to say very much, considering the character of the house, and the manner of life pursued in it, but it sounded a great deal to them, for young Walter was the heir in tail male. He

was the representative of all the Pentons, the future head of the family. He thought a great deal of his position, and so did the family. In time Penton would be his, the stately old house, and the title would be his which his ancestors had borne. The young man felt himself marked out from his kind by this inheritance. He was humble enough at present, but he had only to go on living, to wait and keep quiet, and he must be Sir Walter Penton of Penton in the end. He felt a greater confidence in this than his father did who came before him. Mr. Penton did not look forward to the baronetcy for his part with much enthusiasm. It did not rouse him from his habitual depression. Perhaps because care was so close and so constant, perhaps because he had come to an age which expects but little from any change. He did not feel that to become Sir Edward would do much for him: but even he felt that for Wat it was a great thing.

The other two people in the room were the two girls; that was all that anybody ever said of them. They were scarcely even distinguished by name the one from the other; you could scarcely say they were individuals at all; they were the two girls. The children were apt to run their two names into one, and call them indiscriminately—Ally-Anne. Whether it was Ally or whether it was Anne who came first did not matter, it was a generic title which belonged to both. And yet they were not like each other. Ally had been called Alicia, after her relation at Penton, who was also her godmother, but at Penton Hook life was too full for so many syllables. They never got further than Alice in the most formal moments, and Ally was the name for common wear. Anne bore her mother's name, but Mrs. Penton was Annie, whereas the girl preferred the one tiny syllable which expressed her better; for Anne, though she was the youngest, had more fibre in her than all the rest put together; but description is vain in face of such a little person. Her sister, though the eldest, was the shadow and she the substance, and no doubt it was one of the subtle but unconscious discriminations of character which the most simple make unawares, which led the little ones to call whichever individual of this pair appeared by the joint name.

"I shall always say, Edward, that you ought to have your share now," said Mrs. Penton in a soft even voice, never lifting her eyes from her work, but going on steadily like a purling stream; "you have more to do with it than Mr. Russell Penton, who never can succeed to anything; you ought to have your allowance like any other heir."

"I don't know why I should have an allowance," said Mr. Penton with a voice in which there was a certain languid irritation; "I have always held my own, and I shall always hold my own. And besides, Sir Walter does not want me to have the land; he would rather a great deal that it went to—Russell Penton as you call him, though he has no right to our name."

"But that can't be," cried young Wat, "seeing that I— I mean you, father, are the heir of entail."

"It might be," said Mr. Penton, going on with

his tone of subdued annoyance, "if the law was changed; and one never knows in these revolutionary times how soon the law might be changed. It has been threatened to be done as long as I can remember. Primogeniture and the law of entail have been in every agitator's mouth; they think it would be a boon to the working man."

"How could it be a boon to the working man? What have we got to do with the working man? What does it matter to him who has the property? it could not come to him anyhow," cried Wat with great energy, colouring high, and swinging his legs more than ever in the vehemence of personal feeling. It is all very well to talk of political principles, but when the question involves one's self and one's own position in the world, the argument is very much more urgent and moving. Young Walter was rather a revolutionary in his own way; he was of the class of generous aristocrats who take a great interest in the working man; but there is reason in all things, and he did not see what this personage had to do with his affairs.

"Oh, I don't know, there is no telling; they might be made to think it would do them good somehow. It has always been a favourite thing to say. At all events you know," Mr. Penton continued with his mild disgust of everything "it could not do them any harm. Primogeniture has always been a sort of thing that makes some people foam at the mouth."

"My dear Edward!" cried Mrs. Penton; she almost looked up from her work, which was a great thing to say; and when this mild woman said "My dear Edward," it was the same thing as when a man says "By Jove," or "By George." In the gentle level of her conversation it counted as a sort of innocent oath. "My dear Edward! how could they abolish primogeniture? which so far as I know is just the Latin way of saying that one of your children is born before the other. Isn't it, Wat? Well, I always thought so. The Radicals may get to be very powerful, but they can't make you have your children all in a heap at the same time."

"But they can make it of no importance which is born first; that is what it means," said Mr. Penton. "They would have the children all equal, just the same; whether it is little Horry or Wat there who thinks himself such a great man."

"Well, so they are all the same," said the mother, a little bewildered. "I often wonder how it is that people can make favourites, for I am sure I could not say, for my part, which of them all I liked best. I like them all best—Horry because he is the littlest, and Wat because he is the biggest, and all the rest of them for some other reason, or just for no reason at all. And so, I am sure, Edward, do you."

"In that way Wat would be no better than any of the rest," said Anne.

"I should have no call to do anything for you," said the young man, with an uncomfortable laugh. "It would be every one for himself. There would be no bother about little sisters or brothers either. On the whole, it would be rather a good bargain. don't you think so, mother? Horry and the

others must all shift for themselves when there is no eldest son—"

This time Mrs. Penton really did lift her soft eyes. "Don't say such wicked things!" she said; "it is going against Scripture. As if anything could change you from being the eldest son! Who should look after the children if your father and I were to die? Oh, Wat! how can you speak so?—when it is just my comfort, knowing how uncertain life is, that the eldest is grown up, and that there would be some one to take our place, and take care of all these little things!"

Mrs. Penton had no mind for politics, as will be perceived, but the vision of the little orphans without an elder brother struck her imagination. This picture of unnatural desolation brought the tears warm to her eyes. She took another view of primogeniture from that which is familiar to discussion, and it was some time before they could explain it to her and get her calmed and soothed. Indeed, as to explaining it, that was never accomplished: but when she fully knew that her first-born did not cast off all responsibility in respect to little Horry she was calm.

"I don't pretend to understand politics," she said, with great truth, "but I know nature," which perhaps was not quite so true.

Mr. Penton was not at all moved by this little digression, he took no notice of the argument between the mother and the children. He was a man who inclined to the opinion that things were badly managed in this world, and that those who meant to do well had generally a hard fight. He thought that on the whole the worst people had the best of it, and that a man like himself, struggling to do as well as he could for his children, and to live as well as he could, and do his duty generally, was surrounded by hindrances and drawbacks which never came in the way of less scrupulous people. Such an opinion as this often fills a man with indignation and something like rage, but it did not have this effect upon Mr. Penton. It gave him a general sense of discouragement, a feeling that everything was sure to go against him: but it did not make him angry. Instead of pointing, as the Psalmist did, with wonder and indignation to the wicked who flourished like a green bay-tree, he was more disposed to regard this spectacle with a melancholy smile as the natural course of affairs. One might have known that was how it would be, his look said. And he was rather apt perhaps to identify himself as the righteous man who had no such good-fortune to look for. He had followed his own train of thoughts while the others talked, and now he went on continuing the subject. "We never can tell," he said, "one day from another what changes may be made in the law. Sir Walter is an old man, and it doesn't seem as if there could be any changes in his time; but still a craze might get up, and the thing might be done all in a moment, which has been threatened ever since I can recollect. So I hope none of you will fill your heads with foolish thoughts of what may happen when Penton comes to me: for you see, for anything we know, it may never come to me at all."

Having said this, he ceased twirling his thumbs, and rising up slowly cast a glance about him as if looking for his hat. He never brought his hat into the drawing-room, yet he always did this, just as a dog will try to scrape a hole in a Turkey carpet: and then Mr. Penton said, as if it was quite a new idea, "I think I'll just take a little walk before tea."

It was from an unusual quarter that the conversation was renewed. Ally, who was so like her mother, who had the same kind of light brown hair shading her soft countenance, knotted low at the back of her head, the same fragile willowy figure and submissive ways, lifted up her head after the little pause that followed his exit, when they all instinctively listened, and followed him, so to speak, with their attention while he walked out of the house. Ally raised her head and asked, in a voice in which there was a little apprehension, "I wonder if father really thinks that: and what if it should come true!"

"Your father would not say it," Mrs. Penton replied, always careful to maintain her husband's credit, "unless he thought it, in a kind of a way. But, for all that, perhaps it may never happen. Things take a long time to happen," she said, with unconscious philosophy. "We just worry ourselves looking for changes, and no change comes after all."

"But such a thing might happen suddenly," said Wat, thinking it necessary, in his father's absence, to take up the serious side of the argument, "father is quite right in that. With all the extensions of the suffrage and that sort of thing, which you don't understand, Ally, a change in the law that has been long talked about might happen in a moment. It all depends upon what turn things may take."

"Then we may never go to Penton at all," said Anne, jumping up and throwing her work into her mother's large basket. "I have always been frightened for Penton all my life. It's a horrid big chilly place that never would look like home. I like the little old Hook best, and I hope they will abolish primogeniture, or whatever you call it, and so Wat will have to do something and we shall all stay at home."

"Anne! do you wish that your father should never come into his fortune," her mother said, in a reproachful tone, "when you know his heart is set upon it? I am frightened myself sometimes when I think of the change of living, and having to give dinner parties and all that; but when I think that Edward has never yet been in his right element, that he has never had the position he ought to have had—ah! for that I could put up with anything," she said.

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE young people at Penton Hook were good children on the whole. They respected their father and their mother, and though they did not always agree in every domestic decision, with that holy ignorance which distinguishes childhood, they were not much less



docile than the little ones in respect to actual obedience. At seventeen and eighteen, much more at twenty, a young soul has begun to think a little and to judge, whether it reveals its judgment or not. Anne had her own opinions on every subject by perversity of nature; and Wat, who was a man, and the heir, took on many points a very independent view, and could scarcely help thinking now and then that he knew better than his father. And even Ally, who was the quietest, the most disposed to yield her own way of thinking, still had a little way of her own, and felt that other ways of doing things might be adopted with advantage. They were great friends all three, each other's chief companions: and among themselves they talked very freely, seeing the mistakes that were being made about the other children, and very conscious of much that might have been done in their own individual cases. Wat, for example, had much to complain of in his own upbringing. He had been sent for a year or two to Eton, and much had been said about giving him the full advantage of what is supposed to be the best education. But it had been found after a while that the infallible recurrence of the end of the half, and the bills that accompanied it, was a serious drawback, and the annoyance given by them so entirely unbalanced any sense of benefit received, that at sixteen he had been taken away from school under vague understandings that there was to be work at home to prepare him for the University. But the work at home had never come to much. Mr. Penton had believed that it would be a pleasant occupation for himself to rub up his Latin and Greek, and that he would be as good a coach as the boy could have. But his Latin and Greek wanted a great deal of rubbing up. The fashions of scholarship had changed since his day, and perhaps he had never been so good a scholar as he now imagined. And then it was inconceivable to Mr. Penton that regularity of hours was necessary in anything. He thought that a mere prejudice of schoolmasters. He would take Wat in the morning one day, then in the afternoon, then miss a day or two, and resume on the fifth or sixth after tea. What could the hours matter? It came about thus by degrees that the readings that were to fit the young man for matriculation failed altogether, and no more was said about the University. Wat had no very strong impulse to work in his own person, but when he came to be twenty and became aware that nothing further was likely to come of it, he felt that he had been neglected, and that so far as education was concerned he had not had justice done him. Had he been a very intellectual young man, or very energetic, he would no doubt have been spurred by this neglect into greater personal effort, and done so much that his father would have been shamed or forced into taking further steps. But Wat was not of this noble sort. He was not fond of work; he had always seen his father idle; and it seemed to him natural. So that he, too, fell into the way of lounging about, and doing odd things, and taking the days as they came. They kept no horses, so he could not hunt. He had not

even a gun, nothing better than an old one, which, now he was old enough to know better, he was ashamed to carry. So that those two natural occupations of the rural gentleman were denied to him. And it is not to be supposed that a boy could reach his twentieth year without feeling that an education of this kind—a non-education—had been a mistake. He knew that he was at a disadvantage among his fellow-boys or fellow-men. Whether he would have felt this as much had he been under no other disadvantages in respect to horses and guns and pocket-money, we do not venture to say; but, taking everything together, Wat could not but feel that he was manqué, capable of nothing, having no place among his kind. And if he felt doubly in consequence the importance of his heirship, and that Penton would set all right, who could blame him? It was the only possibility in that poor little dull horizon which at Penton Hook seemed to run into the flats of the level country, the mud and the mist, and the rising river, and the falling rain.

The girls had their little grievances, too, but felt Wat's grievance to be so much greater than theirs, that they took up his cause vehemently, and threw all their indignation and the disapproval of their young intelligences into the weight of his. It was impossible that they could be as they were, young creatures full of life and active thought, without feeling what a mistake it all was, and how far the authorities of the family were wrong. They subjected, indeed, the decisions of the father and mother, but especially the father, as all our children do, to a keen and clear-sighted inspection, seeing what was amiss much more clearly than the wisest of us are apt to do in our own case. A little child of ten will thus follow and judge a philosopher, perhaps unconsciously in most cases, without a word to express its condemnation. The young Pentons were not so silent. They spoke their mind, in the perfect confidence of family intercourse, to their mother always, sometimes to their father too. And no doubt in pure logic, this criticism and disapproval should have dealt a great blow at the discipline of the house, and destroyed the principle of obedience. But fortunately logic is the last thing that affects the natural family life. Wat and Ally and Anne were in reality almost as obedient as were the little ones to whom the decisions of papa and mamma were as the law and the gospels. It had never occurred to them to raise any standard of rebellion; they did what they were told by sweet natural bonds of habit, by the fact that they had always done it, by the unbroken sentiment of filial subjection. The one thing did not seem to affect the other. It never occurred even to Wat to stop and argue the point with his father; he did what he was told, though afterwards, when he came to think of it, he might think that his own way would have been the most wise.

The conversation which is set down in the last chapter did not give any insight into the family controversy that had been going on—being only, as it were, the subsiding of the waves after that discussion had come to an end. The subject in question was one which greatly moved and excited all

the young people. Oswald, the second boy, who came next in the family after Anne, was the genius of the house. He was not much more than fifteen, but he had already written many poems and other compositions which had filled the house with wonder. The girls were sure that in a few years Lord Tennyson himself would have to look to his laurels, and Mr. Ruskin to stand aside: for Oswald's gifts were manifold, and it was indifferent to him whether he struck the strings of poetry or the more sober chord of prose. Wat's fraternal admiration was equally genuine and more generous, for it is a little hard upon a big boy to recognise his younger brother's superiority; and it was dashed by a certain conviction that it would be for Osy's good to be taken down a little. But Wat as much as the girls was agitated by the question which had been, so to speak, before a committee of the whole house. It was a question of more importance at Penton Hook than the fate of the ministry or the elections, or anything that might be going on in Europe. It was the question whether Osy should be continued where he was, at Marlborough, or if his education should be suspended till "better times." Behind this lay a darker and more dreadful suggestion, of which the family were vaguely conscious, but which did not come absolutely under discussion, and this was whether Osy's education should be stopped altogether, and an "opening in life" found for him. Nothing that had ever happened to them had moved the family so much as this question. The "better times" which the Pentons looked forward to could be nothing other than the death of Sir Walter and Mr. Penton's accession to the headship of the family; and it was in the lull of exhaustion that followed a long discussion that Mrs. Penton made her suggestion about the propriety of an allowance being made to her husband as the heir of the property, which had led him into the expression of those general but discouraging ideas about entails and primogeniture. It had not perhaps occurred to Mr. Penton before; but now he came to think of it it seemed just of a piece with the general course of affairs, and of everything that had happened to him in the past, that new laws should come in at the moment and deprive him in the future of the heirship of which he had been so sure.

When Mr. Penton went out for his walk after the statement he had made of these possibilities, Wat and the girls went out too, on their usual afternoon expedition to the post. There was not very much to be done at Penton Hook, especially at this depressing time of the year when tennis was impracticable and the river not to be thought of. The only amusement possible was walking, and that is a pleasure which palls—above all when the roads are muddy and there is nowhere in particular to go to. It was Anne, in the force of her youthful invention, who had established the habit of going to the post. It was an "object," and made a walk into a sort of duty—not the mere meaningless stroll which, without this purpose, it would turn to; and though the correspondence of the household was not great, Anne also managed that there should

always be something which demanded to be posted, and could not be delayed. When there was nothing else she would herself dash off a note to one of the many generous persons who advertise mysterious occupations by which ladies and other unemployed persons may earn an income without a knowledge of drawing or anything else in particular. Alas! Anne had answered so many of these advertisements that she was no longer sanguine of getting a satisfactory reply; but if there was no letter to be sent off, nothing of her father's about business, no postcard concerning the groceries, or directions to the dress-maker, or faithful family report from Mrs. Penton to one of her relations, such as, amid all the occupations of her life, that dutiful woman sent regularly, Anne could always supply the necessary letter from her own resources. It was on a similar afternoon to that on which the Pentons at the great house had discussed and thought of the poorer household; and a wintry sunset, very much the same as that on which Mr. Russell Penton and his wife had looked, shone in deep lines of crimson and gold, making of the river which reflected it a stream of flame, when the three young people, far too much absorbed in their own affairs to think of the colours in the sky or the reflections in the river, or anything but Osy and his prospects, and the state of the family finances, and the mistakes of family government, came down the hill from the level of the Penton woods towards their own home. The western sky, blazing with colour, was on the left hand; but even the sky towards the north and east shared in the general illumination, and clouds all rose-tinted, concealing their heaviness in the flush of reflection, hung upon the chill blue, and seemed to warm the fresh wintry atmosphere before it sank into the chill of night. The girls and their brother kept their heads together, speaking two at once in the eagerness of their feelings, and found no time for contemplation of what was going on overhead. A sunset is a thing which comes every evening, and about which there is no urgent reason for attention, as there was upon this question about Osy, which struck at the foundations of family credit and hope.

"When I left Eton," said Wat with melancholy candour—"I had not much sense, to be sure—it seemed rather fine coming away to work at home. Fellows thought I was going to work for something out of the common way. I liked it—on the whole. When you are at school there is always something jolly in the thought of coming home. And so will Osy feel like me."

"But you were never clever, Wat," said the impetuous Anne.

This was perhaps a little hard to bear. "Clever is neither here nor there," said Wat with a little flush. "It does not make much difference to your feelings; I suppose I can tell better how Osy will take it than one of you girls."

"Oh no; for girls are more ambitious than boys, I mean boys that are just ordinary like the rest. And Osy is not like you. He is full of ambition, he wants to be something, to make a great name. I have the most sympathy with that."



Ally and you," cried the girl with a toss of her head like a young colt, "you are the contented ones, you are so easily satisfied; but not Osy nor me."

"Contented is the best thing you can be," said gentle Ally. "What is there better than content? Whatever trouble people take, it is only in the hope of getting satisfaction at the end."

"I wish I was contented," said Walter, "that is all you know. What have I got to be contented about? I have nothing to do; I have no prospects in particular, nothing to look forward to."

"Oh Watty—Penton!"

"Penton is all very well: but how can we tell when Sir Walter may die? No, I don't want him to die," cried the young man. "I wish no harm to him nor to any man. I only say that because—Of course, so long as Sir Walter lives Penton may be paradise, but it has nothing to say to us. And then, as father says, the law may be changed before that happens, or something else may come in the way. No, I don't know what can come in the way; for after Sir Walter, of course father is head of the family, and I am the eldest son." These words had a cheering effect upon the youth in spite of himself. He turned back to look up where the corner of the great house was visible amid the trees. The Pentons of the Hook knew all the spots where that view was to be had. He turned round to look at it, turning the girls with him, who were like two shadows. No prospects in particular! when there was that before his eyes, the house of his fathers, the house which he intended to transmit to his children! He drew a long breath which came from the very depths of his chest, a sigh of satisfaction yet of desire—of a feeling too deep to get into words. "I say, what a sunset!" he cried, by way of diverting the general attention from this subject, upon which he did not feel able to express himself more clearly.

They all looked for the first time at the grand operation of nature which was going on in the western sky. The heavens were all aglow with lines of crimson and purple, the blue spaces of the great vault above retiring in light ineffable far beyond the masses of cloud, which took on every tinge of colour, preserving their own high purity and charms of infinitude. The great plain below lay silent underneath like a breathless spectator of that great, ever-recurring drama, the river gathering up fragments of the glory and flashing back an answer here and there in its windings wherever it was clear of the earthly obstructions of high banks and trees. Something of the same radiance flashed in miniature from the young eyes that with one accord turned and looked—but for a moment and no more.

They noted the sunset in a parenthesis, by a momentary inference; what they had sought was Penton, with all its human interests. And then they turned again and faced the north, where lay their poor little home and the lowliness of the present, to which neither the sunset nor any other glory lent a charm.

"You are the eldest son," said Anne, resuming without a pause; "that's all about it. That makes everything different. Suppose it is right—or at least not wrong—for you to loaf about. But Osy hasn't got Penton; he has got to make himself a name. If he is stopped in his education, what is he to do? You ought to speak to father; we all ought to make a stand. If Osy is stopped in his education it is quite different. What is he to do?"

"Father would never stop his education if he could afford it. It is the money. If we could only give up something. But what is there we can give up? Sugar and butter count for so little," said Ally, in soft tones of despair.

"I should not mind," said Anne, "if we did not get anything new for years."

"We so seldom have anything new," her sister said, with a sigh; there was so little to economise in this way. All the savings they could think of would not make up half the sum that had to be paid for Osy. Their young spirits were crushed under this thought. What could they do? The girls, as has been said, had answered a great many of those advertisements which offer occupation to ladies; they had tried to make beaded lace and to paint Christmas cards. Alas! that, like the butter and sugar, counted for so little. They might as well try to make use of the colours of the sunset as to make up Osy's schooling in that way: and Wat was even more helpless than they. It was so discouraging a prospect that no one could say a word. They walked down with their faces to the greyiness and dimness from whence night was coming, and their hopes, like the light, seemed to be dying away.

It was Anne, always the most quick to note everything that happened, who broke the silence. "What is that," she cried, "at our door? Look there, wheeling in just under the lime-trees!"

"A carriage! Who can it be?"

"The Penton carriage! Don't you see the two bays? Something must be up!" cried Walter, a flash of keen curiosity kindling in his eyes.

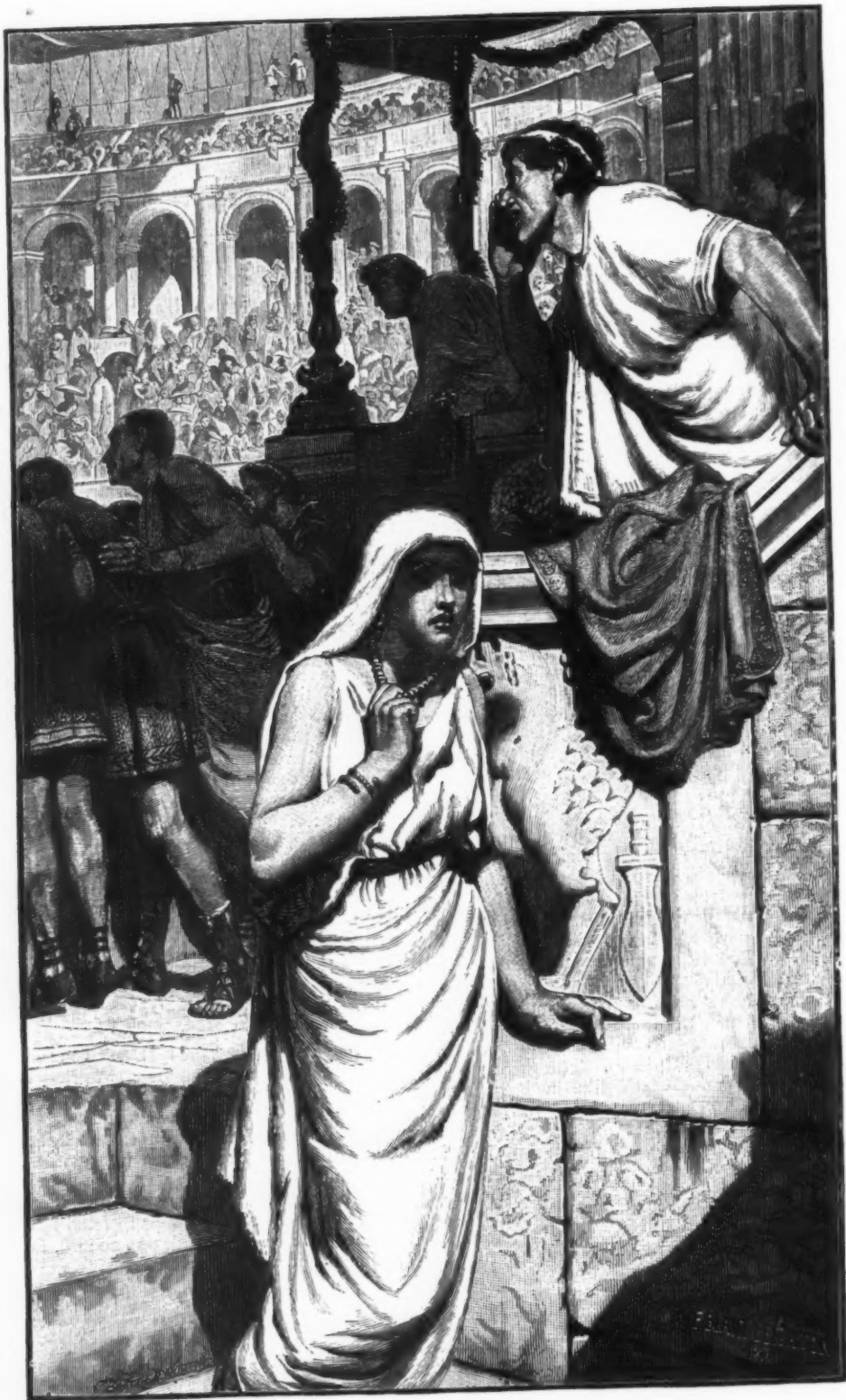
They stopped for a moment and looked at each other with a sudden thrill of expectation.

"No one has been to see us from Penton for years and years."

"The carriage would not come for nothing!"

"It has been sent perhaps to fetch father!"

They hurried down with one accord, full of excitement and wonder and awe.

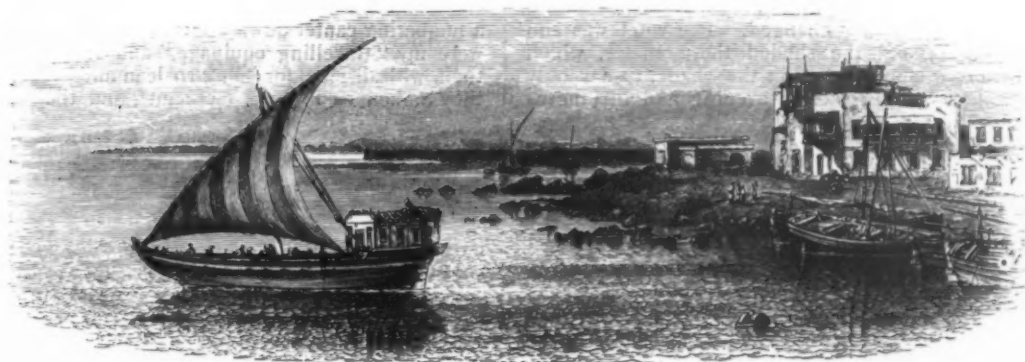


THE GLADIATOR'S WIFE.

## A PILGRIMAGE TO SINAI.

BY ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP, AUTHOR OF "UNEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN," "A LADY'S RIDE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS," ETC.

I.



LEAVING SUEZ.

IT was a striking change from the jabber and clatter of the Cairene streets to the silence and decay of Suez, and from the green fields and redundant crops of the Nile valley to the yellow sands of the desert, and the intensely blue waters of the sea misnamed Red. From the balcony of the P. and O. hotel I looked on the golden sands which lie heaped up against the walls of Suez, on the blue waters of the Gulf of Suez, just crisped by the north wind, with their brilliant shallows and yellow sandbanks, and the violet channel which leads into the Suez Canal. Below the hotel two Arab boats were rising and falling on the tide. A few hours later, except where the violet tint denoted deeper water, the head of the gulf was in most places only knee-deep. Not far from this spot, at all events, the host of Israel encamped, and it was reasonably supposed by Pharaoh that "the wilderness had shut them in." For their encampment lay between the high range of the barren African hills and the barrier of these blue waters. It was the first time that I had stood on the actual track of Scripture History, and the prospect of a pilgrimage through the wilderness of the wanderings opened gloriously before me, dignifying even the commonplace preparations for the desert journey.

On my first visit to Suez I had ascertained that the journey to Sinai and back might be accomplished by a lady alone without any real risk; and the director of the P. and O. hotel, and Mr. Andrews, the P. and O. superintendent, had so kindly furthered my wishes that when I returned I found that Sheykh Barak, four camels, four Bedouin Arabs, and one Arab servant for myself were already engaged, and that I was to start on the following evening. My reason for taking a servant only and not a dragoman was that I preferred freedom both as to my equipments and

manner of proceeding *en route*; and Hassan, the servant, besides knowing a very little English, was quiet and fairly trustworthy. I took one baggage-camel, a riding-camel for myself, one for my servant, and one for the sheykh. I hired a large tent for myself and a small one for Hassan; a mattress, blankets, and cooking utensils were lent me at the hotel, and as a luxury I took a folding chair. Disregarding the suggestions of Murray's Handbook, I reduced my stores to a minimum, taking only two tins of condensed milk, two of cocoa-and-milk, some raisins, some flour, a pot of raspberry-jam, some rice, and some Liebig's extract of meat, having found by considerable experience that such diet is amply sufficient for the support of the strength while leading an open-air life. A white umbrella, a washing-basin, a goat-skin filled with Nile water, a lamp, and a canvas roll containing clothing completed my equipment, and I lacked nothing. My books were a Bible, Murray's Handbook, and "The Imitation of Christ;" and, in case of need, I took some brandy and a few simple medicines. Sheykh Barak signed a contract, arranging for my journey to Sinai and back and my safe conduct, the route being only partially specified. Eighteen days were allowed for the journey, including a halt of four days at Sinai. The contract stipulated for tobacco and coffee for the Bedaween, and the hire of the four camels and the escort came to £16. The whole cost of the expedition, including backsheesh, was £28. It might have been somewhat less with a dragoman, but I had the advantage of being my own mistress. Eight sheykhs of the Towarah Arabs have arranged to undertake the escort of travellers in turn, so that the unseemly strifes which used to be the worry of travellers are now at an end, and no journey is safer than the one through the desert. The

British consul, with official caution, dissuaded me from going alone, but even his objection consisted chiefly in the risk of my being detained on my return in the quarantine camp in the unsavoury company of the Mecca pilgrims; and I may say here that my journey was accomplished without one alarming incident.

*Ain Musa, April 7, 1879.*

This is truly delightful. Early this morning the sultry weather changed. The wind was and is north; and the shaded thermometer, which yesterday stood at 91° in the shade, to-day only reached 72°. Yesterday evening and this morn-

posing the gentlemen on the Asiatic side, we sailed for nearly two hours down the gulf, and then moored at a rude pier, where a boat was discharging goatskins full of water, looking like drowned and swollen pigs, and two camels were being loaded with the same.

Leaving Hassan to the slow process of getting the baggage under weigh, I walked the two miles to the Wells of Moses alone. The first strange sight that I saw was four camels being driven at a lumbering canter down the narrow pier. These were my "travelling equipage," and I looked at them with dismay, for being so lean and bodiless, they looked as high as elephants, and there are



WELLS OF MOSES.

ing were spent in making my final preparations, and in getting the food, etc., reduced to a minimum. At 2.30 p.m. the Sheykh Barak, Hassan, my servant, three gentlemen connected with the P. and O. Company who have kindly undertaken to see me safely started on my journey to-morrow, and I, left Suez in a large Arab sailing-boat with all my "gear" on board. Blithely it sped over the rippled waters of turquoise blue, its great red sail nearly crimson in the sunlight; blithely the blue waters laved their golden margins—so blithe and beautiful it all was that I forgot that the "waste howling wilderness" stretched almost infinitely in all directions. There, on the right, were the high hills of Africa, red-and-orange, fiery and blasted-looking; and on the left rose-coloured ranges, with violet shadows in their clefts, all outlines sharp, distance obliterated. It was glorious; and the keen, life-giving air helped me to intense enjoyment of it. De-

no scaling-ladders in the desert! The Wells of Moses lay straight ahead, visible for many miles by the blackness of their palm and tamarisk groves against the golden sand. It was golden indeed when I landed, but long before the walk was ended it was crimsoned by the sinking sun, and so were the swelling sandhills and the broken ranges beyond them, while the very air was rosy. The bold hills of Africa glowed like incandescent rubies beyond the bright blue water; while Suez, faintly seen at the head of the gulf, suggested human life. The air was intoxicating, and purity itself. Physical life even was "worth living." When I was about a mile from Ain Musa, I saw that a large Arab caravan, with a number of armed Bedaween; was encamped round the wells, so I sat on a stone and waited for my escort.

The beauty of the sunset increased. I could not help standing up now and then for the almost



childish pleasure of seeing my long shadow lie in purple on the crimsoning sand. I had thought that in many lands I had seen every effect that sun and atmosphere could produce, and that the sunset over the Libyan Desert, seen from the mosque of Mahomet Ali, had exhausted the last possibilities of novelty; but nature has no end of surprises, and this sunset by the Gulf of Suez differed from all others. The historical atmosphere is altogether new likewise. It is no longer that of magnificent but semi-barbaric kings who now "lie in glory, every one in his own house," of a power and grandeur which have hardly left a trace upon the world of to-day, except in tombs and their contents, but of a pure theocracy ruled by Him "who liveth and abideth for ever." It is of Him and His purposes that these desert sands are eloquent. And how real the Pentateuch has already become! These swarthy Bedaween, with their untamed walk and expression, their wild look of freedom, their high foreheads and hawk-like noses, are the children of "our father Abraham," and Sarah's entreaty to him, "Cast out the bondwoman and her son," might have been spoken in yonder tent.

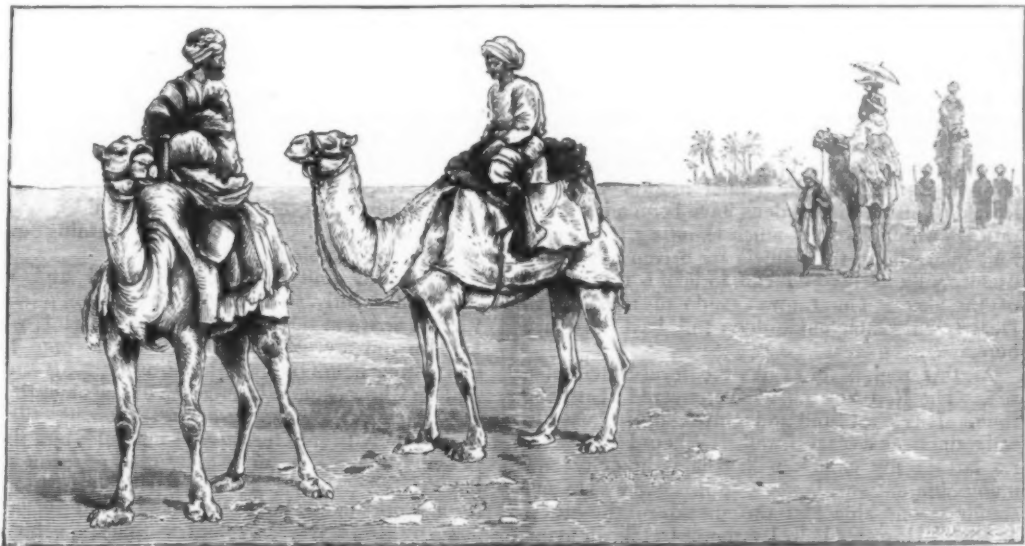
I have no special interest in the vexed question of the actual localities occupied by the Israelites throughout the forty years, and have no bias towards any one of the rival crossings of the Red Sea, but it was most fascinating to sit on the crimsoned sands and be perfectly sure that either somewhat higher up or lower down the pillar of fire guided the host of Israel from the land of bondage to the freedom of the desert. As I looked across to the magnificent range of the Gebel Attaka (now looming darkly in the moonlight), with the wide opening of the traditional exodus, the broad blue sea of the traditional passage, with the traditional landing almost on the spot where I landed, and to the sandy shoals to the

north in front of modern Suez, I knew that there could be no mistake that Moses led forth the twelve tribes from the green Nile Valley and the stately cities of Egypt, past the "Mount of Deliverance" and across the Red Sea, to this level desert, where the taskmaster could reach no more, and that on Gebel Attaka they looked by just such a moonlight as this on the night of the "heaping of the waters." To how many travellers have the same reflections occurred in the same place, and yet they come with all the magic of novelty to me!

April 8.

My large tent was soon pitched on the rolling sands near the seventeen wells, surrounded by date-palms and tamarisks, which are called the Wells of Moses. A fire was made, the camels and the Bedaween lay down round it, and I dined with the three gentlemen in a sort of caravansera, an Arab room full of sacks, dirt, and fleas. Our meal, eaten by the light of one guttering candle, was not appetising, but the desert air is there. As I crossed the sand to my tent the moon was shining brilliantly through the palms and silvering the sands, and the red firelight lighted up the swarthy faces of the Ishmaelites and the uncouth forms of the camels with all their heaps of gear, the whole grouped with the inevitable picturesqueness of the East. I find my tent very comfortable, and slept all night, in spite of the severe cold; but the shiverings which came on in Cairo, with nausea and curious pains, though modified, still continue, though my friends assure me that I shall lose them in the pure desert air.

*Ain Hawarah (Marah).*—This is my third night in the desert, and I am sitting in my "tent door in the cool of the day"—or what should be so, for the sun has sunk behind the African hills. The air, however, is close and hot, and I am overcome with fatigue. I rose before daylight at Ain Musa. The sunrise was scarcely less beauti-



CROSSING THE DESERT.

ful than the sunset. I went round what is in fact an oasis—tanks of brackish and unclean-looking water, surrounded by a number of small and shaggy date-palms, enclosed by some ruinous fences and walls, which give shelter to a few people who take care of the trees. By eight the tent and baggage were on the baggage-camel, and, sending the animals on, my friends and I walked for the first two miles; and, on overtaking the camels, they returned to Suez, and I began my solitary pilgrimage. My beast is a saddle-camel, quite young, and not completely broken; it occasionally shies, and for a few yards afterwards breaks into an agonising trot. It does not lie quiet while I mount it, but two or three times, just as I have been getting on, it has jumped up with an angry roar, and has taken the combined efforts of several Bedaween to make it lie down and keep down. I have now travelled on saddle-horses, pack-horses, mules, asses, cows, elephants, and a camel; and, though the fatigue of sitting ten hours daily on a camel's back is very great, and its slow, swinging gait is wearisome and painful to the muscles, it is not nearly so bad as I expected—not worse, I think, than an elephant, and not so bad as a Japanese pack-horse. I am riding on the ordinary pack-saddle, which rests on the top of the hump. On either side are attached two large goat's-hair sacks, full of maize, Arab clothing, etc. Then there are some cushions, a cooler of water, my travelling-bag, umbrella, etc., so that there is a tolerably flat and cushioned level over three feet wide on which I can change my position; for part of the day I sit with my feet over the front of the saddle, supported by two rope loops, and at times change and sit altogether in the middle of the erection or with my feet over the side. A Bedaween leads the beast with a rope, and it strides on hour after hour at the rate of two miles an hour.

The routine is invariable. At 7.30 a.m. Hassan brings me a pint of water for washing. At eight I go outside my tent, pitch my folding chair, and take my breakfast, which consists of a cup of chocolate with condensed milk and a bowl of rice. While I eat the tent is folded up and the baggage-camel is loaded, roaring horribly all the time, and turning his long neck from side to side as if he were appealing from injustice. Sheykh Barak, like his kinsmen, has been down to "buy corn in Egypt," and his camel likewise carries a load. When all the burdens have been adjusted, a process which involves much shouting and apparent quarrelling, the camels are driven off, and I usually walk as far as I can to lessen the tedium of the day. The rolling sands of the Libyan Desert, with their ankle-deep toil, have no place here.

All this region looks like the level beach of a sea. The Red Sea must have covered it at one time. It is hard sand and gravel, and as easy to walk upon as a gravel walk. When I can walk no farther my camel, with much difficulty and many oburgations, is made to lie down. Hassan stands at one side and the sheykh on the other, and with Hassan's help I attempt to take a flying leap into the middle of the saddle. Sometimes

this is successful the first time, and if it is Hassan puts an arm in front of me and the sheykh puts an arm behind me, and the dreaded moment arrives, which I am more cowardly about each time. The camel, with a jerk which might dislocate one's neck, jumps on his knees, nearly throwing me backwards, then another violent jerk brings him to his haunches, and would throw me over his head but for Hassan's arm, then the forward movement is arrested by another jerk which sets him on his four legs and leaves me breathless on the lofty elevation of his hump. This process is reversed as one dismounts, and is repeated six times daily! But things are not always so comparatively smooth, for just as I am prepared to spring the brute makes a snarling lunge with his teeth either at me or his driver, or just as I am half up jerks himself up on his four legs, and the whole process has to be gone over again. Yesterday I had just touched the saddle when by a rapid movement he threw me off sideways, and this morning jerking himself up before I had clutched firm hold of the saddle he threw me over his shoulders and bruised me a good deal. After being mounted the caravan straggles in single file, Hassan bringing up the rear, my camel being led, and then for four or five hours we crawl over the burning, glaring sand. I now understand what is meant by "As a hireling earnestly desireth the shadow." At 8.30 a.m. the shadow of my driver is fully eight feet long, and as the morning wears by it shortens to something a little over two feet; then I know that noon has come. The camels halt, and if there be a rock which casts a shadow Hassan lays a blanket in the shade for me, and while the Bedaween smoke and sleep for an hour, I read the Scripture account of the wanderings, and lunch on a cluster of raisins. I am learning a deep sympathy with the Israelites, and their unbelief and murmurings become more intelligible as the days go by. How terrible must have been the trudge through this "waste howling wilderness," how bitter the regrets for the green valley of the Nile, how weary the barren sands, how terrible the burning heat! Better then all do I understand the simile "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." To-day on the parched plain no rock was found to give shelter in the heat of noon. There was but a big stone about two feet high, under the lee of which the Arabs scraped a big hole into which I crawled, and lay down screened by a blanket laid over my double umbrella. The sand was burning even through my clothing.

After this halt the baggage-camel and the sheykh start early, so that I may find my tent pitched when I arrive at the camping-ground, and I, with Hassan and my driver, follow. Then come five exhausting hours over the blinding burning sand, and oh! how eagerly I watch the driver's lengthening shadow growing, growing, growing till it slants surely twenty feet across the sand, and then in the distance I see my white tent, and soon the day's toils are done. The camels are turned loose for a short time to browse upon such scanty herbage as exists—grey and bitter—some species of artemisia, the tamarisk, and the acacia. The



Bedaween make a fire of the dried camel's-dung which they have picked up on the way, to which is added a little charcoal which they have brought from Egypt, at which they boil their coffee and roast their maize; and I take my supper, which consists uniformly of a cup of Liebig's extract and a basin of stirabout with a little raspberry jam. The camels are then brought in and made to lie round the fire, looking like "wrecked ships." The Arabs talk and smoke, then putting on their

Barak is a handsome young man, with truly Ishmaelitish features and the look of scorn which these desert rangers wear. He makes a courteous salutation morning and evening, and helps me to mount and dismount; as he strides over the sand with his long elastic stride, his "loins girded" and his matchlock gun slung behind, he looks a true son of the desert—born to a heritage of freedom. The other Bedaween are swarthy, lean, wiry men, about the middle height, quiet and well-



THE EVENING CAMP.

goat's-hair cloaks, lie down to sleep outside their camels; Hassan retires into his small bell tent, out of which his feet protrude; and by the time that it is quite dark the camp is quiet, till the grunting and roaring of the camels at daybreak awake me.

I find these Bedaween very inoffensive. Hassan is a city Arab, a tall fine-looking man, with the harassed melancholy look which seems habitual to his race. He dresses well in a white garment, with a coloured silk girdle, over which he wears a burnouse, and his turban is of striped yellow silk. He knows hardly any English, but attends on me well, and things go very smoothly. Sheykh

behaved, as, for instance, they never hang about my tent or stare at me. Each man is dressed in a single, girdled cotton garment, which has once been white, a whitish turban, and a pair of hide sandals. These men are so lean that if their arms and the calves of their legs were not muscular one would call them emaciated. They never wash—regarding ablutions as a sinful waste of a scarce gift of Allah—and their shining skins have a whitish scale upon them in consequence. Their persons, their clothing, and their gear swarm with vermin, and their chief occupation during the noonday halt is the solemn search for these. The goat's-hair sacks which are on my camel contain

some of their clothing, and my sufferings from the vermin which seize upon me soon after I have mounted are indescribable. The irritation produces fever. These Arabs, though Mohammedans, never apparently say any prayers—at all events

they do not observe the hours of prayer. They have many traditions concerning places in the desert in connection with the heroes of Hebrew history, and have a great reverence for Moses and Aaron. And these are the children of Abraham!

### WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, when the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, there was apparently no institution in the world which rested on a firmer foundation than American slavery. The constitution of the United States gave substantial legal rights to the slaveholders by placing their slave property under the protection of the general law of the country, and by securing to them virtual representation for their slaves in Congress, although it need hardly be said that no slave or free coloured person was entitled to vote. The affection that every American citizen naturally cherished for the Union which Washington and Jefferson had established was skilfully utilised by the South and her Northern supporters for the purpose not only of strengthening and consolidating her power in the old States, but of gradually bringing one virgin territory after another under her baleful dominion. It was only necessary to raise the cry, "The Union is in danger!" in order to secure the triumph of the slaveholding policy, even though its object was to stone the anti-slavery prophets, or to legalise the capture and reclamation of fugitive slaves who had sought refuge in what were regarded as the very sanctuaries of American freedom. The abolition of West India slavery was a most arduous undertaking; but our colonial slaveholders—although clamorous enough—lived in distant islands, and never had any real hold of public sentiment in this country. The Southern slaveholders, on the other hand, formed a vast and powerful phalanx, whose authority dominated in every Slave State, and whose influence at the North made itself felt through a thousand commercial, political, and religious channels. Such was the state of things in 1850 and for many years afterwards; and yet, as every one knows, slavery has ceased to exist in the United States for well-nigh two decades. Unfortunately, before the nation could put an end to the iniquitous system it had to engage in a fratricidal struggle for its existence, and to wade through oceans of blood; but the question naturally arises, "Whence did the North receive the moral impulse which induced her to belie all her previous history, and to make the stupendous sacrifices inseparable from civil war, so that the Federal authority might be restored throughout the country on the basis of impartial freedom?" The answer which every candid student of history must make is that to William Lloyd Garrison belongs the chief credit of having given the Northern States the moral stamina necessary to convert a war which was undertaken to preserve

the Union into a righteous and successful crusade for the liberation of a despised and downtrodden race.

Mr. Garrison was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, in the year 1805. His immediate progenitors were among the early settlers of New Brunswick, but there was a strain of good New England blood in his veins. His father was the son of an Englishman, and his mother, who was a woman of rare beauty of person and character, was of Irish descent. He said that his father "was very genial and social in his manners, kind and affectionate in his disposition, and ever ready to assist the suffering and needy." It is difficult to reconcile this estimate of Abijah Garrison's character with the latter's actual treatment of his family, for after removing from the inhospitable regions of the North to Massachusetts he deliberately deserted his wife, who from that time had to maintain herself and her three children without any help from him. His disappearance was not involved in any mystery. He was a good letter-writer, and, strange to say, kept up a correspondence with some of his friends many years after he had ceased to hold any communication with his wife. The world, however, need not regret his shortcomings except on his own account, for it is extremely doubtful whether, if he had done his duty to his children, his son would ever have been drawn into that path which was destined to lead him to lofty heights of usefulness and fame. Mrs. Garrison suffered from grinding poverty and incessant toil, but, having set up a noble ideal of life for herself, she was able to develop the boy's moral qualities with a success which compensated in a great measure for the poverty of his school training. He always spoke of his mother in terms of grateful appreciation, and, indeed, he told Mrs. Mary Howitt that he "venerated her while yet a child." It was necessary that, while still very young, he should contribute to his own maintenance. His earliest initiation into the ranks of labour was his apprenticeship to a shoemaker, next he was taught cabinet-making, and subsequently he learnt the art of printing. The dignity of labour was no mere figure of speech in the United States in the early part of the present century, and the youth or man who was master of two or three trades acquired as many claims to the respect and goodwill of the community. It was as a printer in the "Newburyport Herald" office that his first essays in literature were made. They were sent to the editor of that journal anonymously, and young

Garrison must have experienced a feeling akin to rapture when his employer, without the least suspicion as to the authorship of the articles, gave him his own copy to set up.

When his mother heard of his literary exploits she was somewhat alarmed, and wrote to him on June 3rd, 1823, as follows: "Next, your turning author. You have, no doubt, read and heard the fate of such characters—that they generally starve to death in some garret or place that no one inhabits." Nevertheless, she asked to see his "pieces," and apparently she soon became reconciled to his new pursuit when she found that it opened out to him a larger sphere of usefulness. He had only just reached man's estate when he was appointed editor of the "Newburyport Free Press." It is related that all his editorials in that paper "were set up by him at his case without having been first written out on paper;" and it is not surprising to learn that "the ability to think, and the clearness and precision which he thus acquired, were of great value to him then and in subsequent years." The writer learns from an intimate friend of Garrison that so completely had his early experience enabled him to abstract himself from the bustle of domestic life, that on the eve of a great anti-slavery meeting he has often been seen preparing the most important documents in the midst of his family circle with a child on his knee and the baby in a cradle at his feet.

It is not a little remarkable that it was at this early period of his career that Garrison recognised the yet immature genius of John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, whose beautiful verse has proved an inspiration and a solace to many English as well as American readers. Garrison published in his "Free Press" the first poem of Whittier's that ever found its way into print. The youthful poet "was then daily at work on the shoemaker's bench with hammer and lapstone at East Haverhill."

Garrison sought the acquaintance of his humble contributor, and a lifelong friendship followed. Whittier's father was as fully convinced as Mrs. Garrison had been that a man who became an author was doomed to beggary; and he therefore endeavoured to curb his son's passion for poetic composition. "Sir," he said to young Mr. Garrison, "poetry will not give him bread." The result, however, falsified the old Quaker's prediction. To Garrison the youth was indebted for the first real encouragement he had ever received to pursue the bent of his genius. His meeting with the great emancipationist was nothing less than providential, for it led to his becoming, in a special sense, the poet of the great movement of which his friend was the predestined leader. He was essentially the poet of freedom, and as such he had no rival or even competitor in the dark realm of slavery.

The early vicissitudes of Garrison are full of interest. In 1826, when he was twenty-one years of age, he migrated to Boston as a journeyman printer. While there he edited a paper called the "Philanthropist," an organ of the temperance movement, which was then beginning to attract attention in the United States. He subsequently

pursued the editorial vocation at Bennington in Vermont. Horace Greeley, the foremost journalist in the United States, described his "Journal of the Times" as "about the ablest and most interesting newspaper ever issued in Vermont." In 1829 we find him varying his literary work by preparing a Fourth of July oration, and delivering it in the presence of Whittier and Pierpont. During his first residence in Boston he made the acquaintance of Benjamin Lundy, an anti-slavery pioneer whose career was marked by a spirit of the most heroic self-sacrifice, and in 1829 he joined Lundy at Philadelphia, and became co-editor of the "Genius of Universal Emancipation."

He at once proclaimed the doctrine of "immediate and unconditional emancipation," a phrase which it appears was first employed in the United States by the Rev. George Bourne in a work entitled "The Book and Slavery Irreconcilable" (Philadelphia, 1816). He had not long taken up his residence in Baltimore before he effectually attracted public attention to himself by an article in which he denounced a fellow-townsmen named Francis Todd for employing his ship Francis to convey slaves from Baltimore to New Orleans. "I recollect," he said, "that it was always a mystery at Newburyport how Mr. Todd contrived to make profitable voyages to New Orleans and other places, when other merchants, with as fair an opportunity to make money, and sending to the same ports at the same time, invariably made fewer successful speculations." He was prosecuted, under the laws of Maryland, for a gross and malicious libel on Francis Todd. His sons, in their comprehensive and highly interesting biography of their father, have collected many stirring details of this eventful passage in his life.\* It appears that the shipment of the slaves was proved, and that Mr. Todd made no attempt to conceal his share in the traffic; he said, indeed, that "he should have preferred another kind of freight; but as freights were dull, times hard, and money scarce, he was satisfied with the bargain." Garrison was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars and costs. As he was too poor to find the money he was thrown into Baltimore jail, where he comported himself with mingled dignity and courage. He spent much time in going about among his fellow-prisoners endeavouring to comfort or help them. He had a friendly discussion with a slaveholder, who could not conceal his amazement when he heard him argue that blacks had natural rights; that Noah's curse on Ham was merely a prediction; and that a man's colour should not disqualify him from becoming President of the United States. The sonnet which Garrison wrote on the walls of his cell, his sons (Wendell Phillips and Francis Jackson Garrison) regard as "unquestionably the most perfect specimen he ever produced of his favourite style of versification." Taking into account the circumstances under which it was written, it was certainly a remarkable production, and may with advantage be reproduced:

\* "William Lloyd Garrison. The Story of his Life told by his Children." T. Fisher Unwin.

"High walls and huge the BODY may confine,  
 And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,  
 And massive bolts may baffle his design,  
 And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways:  
 Yet scorns th' immortal MIND this base control!  
 No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose:  
 Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,  
 And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!  
 It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale  
 It wanders, plucking honeyed fruit and flowers;  
 It visits home to hear the fireside tale,  
 Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours:  
 'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,  
 And in its watches wearies every star!"

He wrote to Mr. Francis Todd: "I am in prison for denouncing slavery in a free country. You who have assisted in oppressing your fellow-creatures are permitted to go at large, and to enjoy the fruits of your crime." This was not calculated to mollify his prosecutor, and he might have remained in prison for an indefinite period, but happily he was liberated through the kindness of a noble-hearted merchant, Mr. Arthur Tappan, of New York, who, on reading the accounts of the trial in the newspapers, paid the fine. Garrison was forty-nine days in prison, and did not revisit the scene of his captivity until after slavery had been abolished. When he reached the spot he was surprised to find that the prison had disappeared. Soon afterwards he mentioned his disappointment to President Lincoln, who humorously replied, "So, Mr. Garrison, the difference between 1830 and 1864 appears to be this: in 1830 you could not get out, and in 1864 you could not get in."\*

On his return to the North he began to address public meetings as well as to write in newspapers. His personal presence, together with his command of language, his manifest sincerity, and the elevation of his ideas, drew many kindred spirits towards him. Miss Martineau has described his apostolic countenance, in the expression of which sweetness and strength were so remarkably combined. He retained these physical characteristics to the close of his life, and they imparted an undefinable charm to his conversation which few could resist. It is an interesting fact that thus early he attracted to his side a few men of education and social standing, who increased the influence and importance of the anti-slavery movement, and made the world instinctively feel that the "fanatic" whom it sought to crush might yet become a power in the State. The first number of the "Liberator" appeared on January 1st, 1831. He made his position very clear at the outset. Some people had complained of the strong language he used, and of his unwillingness to give heed to those lovers of compromise who were anxious that the chasm that separated good from evil should, somehow or other, be bridged over. "I am aware," he said, "that many object to the severity of my language, but is there not cause for such severity? I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I am in

earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retract a single inch, and I will be heard." The determination of this language is the more extraordinary when it is remembered that Garrison and his helpmate, Isaac Knapp, occupied what his sons describe as "a dingy room" on the third floor of a building which was destroyed in the great Boston fire of 1872; that here they lived upon bread-and-milk and a few cakes, that they had to make shift with old type, and that, owing to the antipathy with which their cause was regarded by the mercantile classes, they were refused credit for even a small supply of paper. When the Governors of Virginia and Georgia wrote to Mr. Otis, the Mayor of Boston, complaining of the "Liberator" as an incendiary sheet, that functionary did not even know of its existence. In his own account he said: "Some time after it was reported to me by the city officers that they had ferreted out the paper and its editor; that his office was an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, and his supporters a very few insignificant persons of all colours." This striking picture suggested the first verse of Lowell's well-known poem:

"In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,  
 Toiled o'er his types one poor unlearned young man;  
 The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean,  
 Yet there the freedom of a race began."

Mr. Garrison's biographers have done well to call attention to the interesting fact that the poet's grandfather was the first man in Massachusetts who freed a slave. During the next two or three years he made the country so alive to his existence that Mayor Otis no longer found it necessary to call in the aid of the police before he could discover what he was doing. The slaveholders kept a watchful eye upon his movements. In the district of Columbia they made it a criminal offence for a coloured man to have the "Liberator" in his possession. The Governor of South Carolina sent a special message to the Legislature of that State calling attention to the obnoxious journal as well as to Mr. Garrison's address to the coloured people; and the Legislature of Georgia capped the climax of iniquity by offering a reward of five thousand dollars for the capture of the anti-slavery leader.

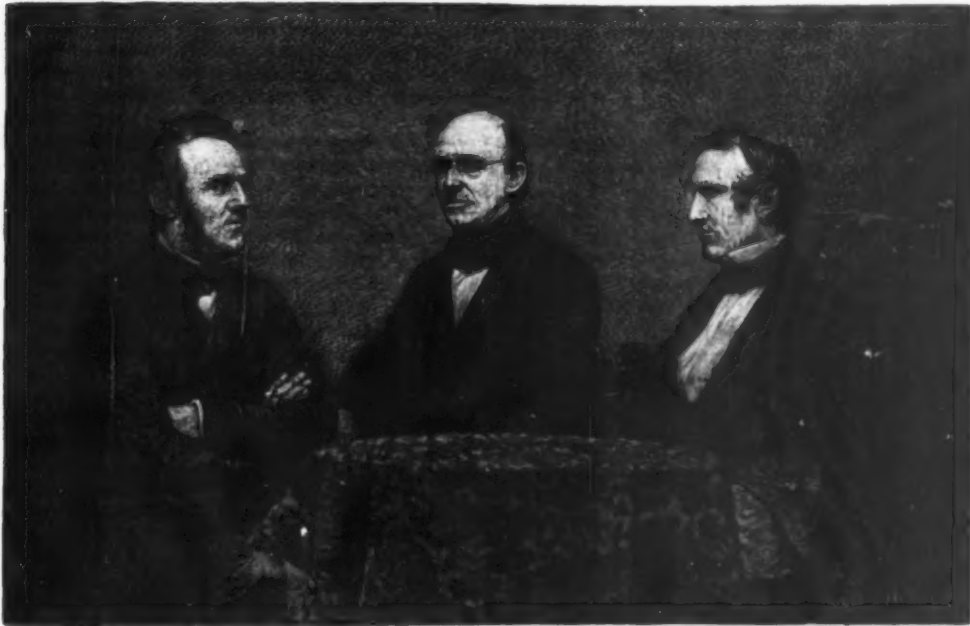
Mr. Garrison first visited England in 1833. Soon after his arrival in London he breakfasted with Mr. Buxton, the principal leader of the anti-slavery party in the House of Commons. Mr. Buxton on seeing him exclaimed, "Why, my dear sir, I thought you were a black man, and I have consequently invited this company of ladies and gentlemen to be present to welcome Mr. Garrison, the black advocate of emancipation from the United States of America!" Mr. Garrison often said that "that was the only compliment he had ever had paid to him that he cared to remember or to tell of." While in England Mr. Garrison occupied himself much with exposing the objects of the American Colonisation Society, a society which, by advocating impracticable schemes for the shipment of the free coloured people to

\* Proceedings at the Breakfast to W. L. Garrison, p. 39.



Africa, sought to divert the attention of the American nation from the slavery question, and at the same time to pander to the popular prejudice against colour. He saw Mr. Wilberforce at Bath, and soon after followed him to his grave in Westminster Abbey. Of far greater importance in its ultimate influence on the anti-slavery cause was the acquaintance he formed with George

The anniversary meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society was announced to take place on October 21st, 1835. It was naturally assumed by the public that Thompson would take part in the proceedings of the meeting, but as his friends had received many intimations that it would be dangerous for him to remain any longer in Boston he had gone to a place of safety in the country.



GEORGE THOMPSON.

W. LLOYD GARRISON.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Thompson, whose gifts of eloquence had been so powerfully employed in the agitation for the overthrow of slavery in the West Indies. He extracted from Mr. Thompson a promise to visit the United States, which a year or two subsequently the latter redeemed. The events that marked Mr. Thompson's visit belong to the history of the abolition movement in that country. In many parts of the Free States he met with an enthusiastic reception, in others the mob spirit was evoked, and his life was in great danger. Schemes, indeed, were actually set on foot for the abduction, with a view to the murder, of Garrison, Thompson, and other abolition leaders. Yet more anti-slavery societies were formed at this time than perhaps at any other period of the agitation, and in particular a great wave of anti-slavery sentiment swept over the colleges and theological seminaries of New England. The commercial classes in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other great cities were pro-slavery to the core, and they and their organs in the press were specially vehement in their denunciation of "the foreign vagrant" (as Mr. Thompson was called by the "Commercial Gazette") who by his "incendiary" oratory had awakened the consciences of the people in hundreds of the towns and villages of the Free States.

About noon the following placard was widely circulated in the city:

"THOMPSON

"THE ABOLITIONIST!

"That infamous foreign scoundrel THOMPSON will hold forth *this afternoon* at the *Liberator* office, No. 48, Washington Street. The present is a fine opportunity for the friends of the Union to *snake Thompson out!* It will be a contest between the Abolitionists and the friends of the Union. A purse of 100 dollars has been raised by a number of patriotic citizens to reward the individual who shall first lay violent hands on Thompson, so that he may be brought to the tar-kettle before dark.

"Friends of the Union, be vigilant!

"Boston, Wednesday, 12 o'clock."

This disgraceful production was the work of a printer named James L. Homer, at the instance of two Boston merchants named Stevens and Means, one of whom was in the West India trade. The effect it produced must have far more than realised the expectations of its authors. The anti-slavery office was stormed by a great mob, including, as was stated in one of the journals of the day, "many gentlemen of property and standing." The ladies proceeded with their meeting as though nothing unusual had happened. Miss Mary Parker presided, and Mr. Garrison, who for safety had withdrawn into an adjoining room,

afterwards stated that "the clear, untremulous tone of voice of that Christian heroine in prayer occasionally awed the ruffians into silence, and was distinctly heard even in the midst of their hisses, threats, and curses." When the mob found that the bird they sought had flown they made a search for Garrison. He succeeded in making good his escape from the premises, but they ultimately traced him to a carpenter's shop in the neighbourhood. He was then dragged with a halter round his neck through the streets of the city, the intention of his assailants being to lynch him on Boston Common. Mr. Charles Sprague had a brief but vivid glimpse of the scene. "I saw," he said, "an exasperated mob dragging a man along without his hat, and with a rope about him. The man walked with head erect, calm countenance, flashing eyes, like a martyr going to the stake, full of faith and manly hope." Garrison was rescued by two athletic and determined men, who, as the infuriated procession was passing the City Hall, thrust him into that building. From thence he was conveyed to the prison, where he was detained on a trumped-up charge till it was safe to liberate him.

Boston having thus set the example, outrages and deeds of violence became of frequent occurrence. Birney's anti-slavery printing press was destroyed at Cincinnati; Lovejoy, the abolitionist preacher, was murdered in Illinois; and Pennsylvania Hall, where the friends of the cause in Philadelphia were accustomed to hold their meetings, was laid in ashes. Efforts were even made by the Southern party to secure such an interpretation of the law as would have rendered the abolitionists liable to be deported to the Slave States and tried by judges and juries who thirsted for their blood.

After several years of unrelenting labour, Mr. Garrison revisited England. He was present at the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in 1840, the president of which was the venerable Thomas Clarkson; and his visit dealt a final blow to the efforts of the American Colonisation party in this country to excite British sympathy on behalf of their projects for transporting the American negroes to Africa. His sojourn in Great Britain was helpful to the cause in other ways, for he obtained the personal sympathy and co-operation of the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Byron, and other influential persons, whose countenance was to a great extent a set-off against the social ostracism to which the abolitionists were subjected in their own country. Under Mr. Garrison's leadership the American Anti-Slavery Society took up a new position by standing outside of all political parties, and by refusing to recognise the obligation of the American constitution as binding either upon the nation or upon individuals. This attitude tended to limit the number of those who ranged themselves under the abolition banner, but it increased the moral power of the society, and prevented its influence from being subordinated to the selfish interests of party caucuses and factions. While truth demands that this statement should be made, it would be unjust even to appear to disparage the labours of many good men like Charles

Sumner, Horace Greeley, and Abraham Lincoln, who endeavoured to promote the cause of freedom within the narrower limits of party organisations. The anti-slavery movement was greatly aided by the aggressive policy of the South. If the slaveholders had been content to defend their so-called constitutional rights, without straining the loyalty of the Northern States, or making further encroachments upon the national territory, slavery might perhaps have had its existence prolonged for another generation; but their folly in dragging the North into passing the Fugitive Slave Law and extending the territorial area of slavery, gave the abolitionists exactly the motive power they required, and compelled even reluctant politicians to set their faces like steel against the aggressions of the slaveholding oligarchy. Mr. Garrison and his associates made powerful use of the Fugitive Slave Law to stimulate into activity the moral sense of the people. It is difficult to say whether the South was most injured by the success or by the failure of that law. When fugitive slaves like James Hamlet and Anthony Burns were surrendered to their owners, the feelings of thousands were naturally stirred to indignation at so flagrant a violation of the rights of asylum, as well as of that "higher law" to which the abolitionists now no longer appealed in vain. But when, on the other hand, public sentiment defied the law—as it did in many cases—and the fugitives were effectually protected against danger, the law itself was brought into contempt, and the executive was thus made to feel that an unjust enactment could not be enforced in the teeth of an outraged public opinion.

The War of Secession did not take place until ten years after the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law, but long before the actual outbreak of hostilities it became manifest that either the North must continue to surrender everything—including honour—to the cruel and selfish ambition of the South, or there must be a war for the supremacy between the opposing forces of freedom and slavery. It is to the infinite credit of Mr. Garrison that he, more than any other man, not even excepting his eloquent coadjutor, Wendell Phillips, made it certain that when the conflict took place it would not be confined to the re-establishment of the Federal authority throughout the country—in other words, to the mere restoration of the Union, but that slavery itself—the wicked cause of the war—would be extinguished for ever. In June, 1867, after the war was over, Mr. Garrison was entertained at a public breakfast in St. James's Hall. Mr. Bright presided, and the Duke of Argyll, Lord Russell, Mr. John Stuart Mill, and other eminent men, made speeches in honour of the successful champion of the slave. Mr. Garrison thus expressed his view of the great struggle which had lately terminated: "There never was a war that came more necessarily and unavoidably on moral considerations. It was not because of this thing or of the other specially; it was not because of the abolitionists simply, but it was because of this: 'Ye have not proclaimed liberty, every man to his brother, and every man



to his neighbour; therefore I proclaim a liberty to you,' saith the Lord, 'to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine,' and that is the whole story. We had slavery, and there followed rebellion and war, for we deserved to be visited with chastisement; and I am profoundly impressed with the justice of God as meted out to our whole country." This speech was delivered on the same occasion as that on which Lord Russell honourably acknowledged that in the view he had taken of the great civil war he had failed to do justice to the Federal Government, and particularly to President Lincoln, who, he said, was "not only the friend, but ultimately the martyr of freedom."

It is not often the happy lot of a great philanthropist to witness—as Mr. Garrison did—the full triumph of his labours. He, however, not only saw the complete abolition of slavery in his own country, but he lived for many years to take an active and useful part in the agitation of

many other great reforms; and when, on May 24th, 1879, he passed to his rest, his last hours were gladdened by the presence of children whose greatest desire it has always been to emulate his noble example. They sang in the sick chamber the dying man's favourite hymns; and when he was no longer able to respond with his lips, he showed his appreciation of their efforts by beating time with his hands and feet. Thus died William Lloyd Garrison. "His name," said Mr. Bright, "is venerated in his own country, venerated where not long ago it was a name of obloquy and reproach. His name is venerated in this country and in Europe wheresoever Christianity softens the hearts and lessens the sorrows of men; and I venture to say that in time to come, near or remote I know not, his name will become the herald and the synonym of good to millions of men who will dwell on the now almost unknown continent of Africa."

F. W. CHESSON.

## BOOKS AND THEIR READERS.

THERE was once a poor lad whom I knew who was dying of decline in a little dingy room up a flight of dark, rickety stairs. His window looked on a blank wall—dreariest of all outlooks. He could hear no pleasanter sounds than the miauling of nocturnal cats or the voice of his landlady downstairs quarrelling with her poor little maid-of-all-work. And yet as the lad lay there alone it seemed to him (when his cough was not too hacking, or the pain in his chest too severe) that the dull chamber was lit with sunshine, and his solitude cheered by kindly guests. For he led two lives—one, a poor suffering life, amid ugly things and unsympathetic people; the other amid all that was pleasant and lovely in the land of Books. These books, poor fellow, were few enough in number. While he had been strong enough to work he had been a shoemaker, and every penny he could save had gone to buy some precious volume. One of the great musicians of the day, who has risen from poverty and obscurity to wealth and fame, says now that no one can really love Music who has not been poor and worked for her. We all of us love best what has cost us most, and the true passions of our lives are for the things that are hardest to have and hardest to hold. I fancy that those fourteen years that Jacob worked for Rachel were, in part, the secret of his love for her. And so it was with my shoemaker. Each of these books represented to him the sacrifice of many little pleasures—oftentimes, indeed, of his dinner—many hours of extra work. He had hung round the book-stalls, with envious eyes, for days and days before the pence he could put by had mounted up to the price of one of the volumes he coveted.

Now that he was ill these dear friends were with him. They lay on his bed, so that when he

was too ill to do more he could stretch out his wasted hand and lovingly touch their covers. When he died I think they should have been buried with him, but they were sold to pay the expenses of the poor funeral. Who knows into what careless hands they fell? Who knows what barbarians scribbled over them, blotted them with ink, and flung them about? The lad's favourite books had been an English translation of the Iliad and of the Odyssey. Thanks to these, this poor shoemaker had stood by Andromache and Hector at the Scæan gates when they took leave of each other with those noble and pathetic words that have stirred thousands of men and women's hearts since they were first said or sung. He had followed silver-footed Thetis on her errand to Hephæstus, and watched the forging of Achilles's mighty armour. He had sat with prudent Penelope in her upper chamber as she took counsel of the dear nurse Eurycleia, and had wandered over the salt seas with Odysseus, past the sweet-voiced syrens and the dangers of Charybdis and Scylla, to the stately halls in Ithaca. "I walked far into Herefordshire," says Lord Macaulay, in his journal, "and read, while walking, the last five books of the Iliad, with deep interest and many tears. I was afraid to be seen crying by the parties of walkers that met me as I came back—crying for Achilles cutting off his hair, crying for Priam rolling on the ground in the courtyard of his house—mere imaginary beings, creatures of an old ballad-maker who died near three thousand years ago." My poor shoemaker would lie for hours dreaming, with the *ἑρκα πτεροειστά* (the winged words) haunting his memory. These soiled, second-hand books gave him the visions and sweet fancies that lifted him out of the dull world he lived in. I dare say their next owner was some

schoolboy, who used them as "cribs," who drew on their sacred leaves fancy portraits of his masters, in that well-known Early English style where a round represents a head, three dots the eyes and mouth, and where the five fingers branch off in lovely symmetry from a straight stick.

Who shall decide what is rubbish and what is a relic? That bundle of letters, that little flaxen curl of the baby who has slept these many years beneath a grassy coverlid, that ugly china cup that you value because it was your mother's, that shabby blotting-book that is so dear to you because it belonged to your dead friend, all your little relics, in short, will not they be rubbish one day? I remember going to call on a dear old lady that I knew and finding her pale and with red eyes bending over a little heap of cinders in the grate. She had been burning old letters. "Nobody but myself would care for them," she said, "and I could not bear that they should fall into careless hands." And yet it must have cost her a great pang to see the flames catch at the yellow papers, and flare, and die away—a great oppression at her heart to think that this link with her youth and with the past was gone for ever.

It goes to my heart to see a book ill-treated. I cannot but marvel at the audacity of those daredevil spirits who dog-ear Shakespeare, fling Homer across the room, smudge Dante with ink, and stretch Bacon open on his face, to the everlasting detriment of his back and his binding. It does not matter in what mean shape these great minds visit me; in however poor a dress they come, they are always my much loved masters, to whom I owe all my allegiance. I confess that I am loath to lend my books to the first comer. I require more than the usual credentials of character. The mere certificates of baptism and vaccination—so to speak—will not content me, I must be assured in the most solemn and satisfactory manner of the person's honesty and reverent bearing towards books. The borrowed book is too often like Ellen Brine of *Allenburn*, in Mr. Barnes's charming poem, who, as it is expressly stated at the end of each verse, "will no more return." "Giving is dead," says George Herbert in his *Jacula Prudentum*, and "restoring very sick." "*At least*, sir, I always take away all your books," said an indignant valet to his master, who had rebuked him for carelessness in packing, whereby he had collected a small library of strange books from other people's houses. "To lend Bysshe a book," says Hogg

in his *Life of Shelley*, "was to bid it a long farewell, to take leave of it for ever; and, indeed, the pain of parting was often spared, for he bore away silently, reading it as he went, any work that caught his attention." Surely in this respect Shelley had a large following.

Books grow into one's life like people. Like people, too, there are some books that come into one's life and change it for a time, and pass so completely out of it that the place knows them no more. It is strange to see the books which have made most mark in their generation. Who would commit suicide now after reading *Werther*? Or who would model his children's education on Jean-Jacques Rousseau, as Richard Edgeworth did, and many other worthy people of his day? I have before me Lily's *Euphues* and Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, books which Charles Kingsley said it was a credit to their generation to have loved, so noble is their tone. Who reads them now? Two or three people at most, who are curious in literature, or who want to boast that they have read them. And as to the books of our own time that we prize, who shall predict which among them shall live? For my part I think it is only those that have the "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin" that can survive. "*L'homme est le même partout*" (man is the same everywhere), said Azeglio's French doctor, and what appeals to the human instincts in the year 1884 will probably appeal to them in 1994. But the books that are not broadly human, that only satisfy a passing need, and address themselves to fancies and conceits of a moment, can only have but little vitality in them.

It used to touch me to see how dearly my poor shoemaker loved the books that described the green country of which he had seen little or nothing. He who had never wandered over the great purple moors, or the quiet pastures, nor loitered in the moonlit beech-woods of a summer night, guessed vaguely at the pleasure and the beauty of such things from the descriptions of them in his books. The last time I ever saw him I brought with me a bunch of single daffodils and spiked blackthorn, fresh from the sweet lanes and windy fields in far-off Devon. "I know them," he said, pointing with a smile of recognition to the yellow "*Lent rosen*"; "there's a deal about them in one of my books." And he showed me Wordsworth's poem about the daffodils and their "jocund company."

ANNE FELLOWES.

## LONDON NIGHT SCHOOLS.

GR<sup>EAT</sup> as have been the strides made in elementary education during the last ten years, experience is proving to us that in at least two important points our system of schooling the young of the lower classes is wholly defective. The beautiful is a dead letter for our little hard-

worked pupils, and when they have passed the legal limits for detention at school we take hardly any further interest in them. Perhaps of the two evils the latter is the more grievous. It is known to most people that the Education Act compels a child to attend an elementary school till it has

passed the fourth standard, or at any rate attained the age of fourteen. But when the boy or girl has thus attained emancipation, what then? The nation has been year after year putting its hand in its pocket to educate these young people—that is, according to any adequate theory—to fit them for becoming citizens and subjects even after for life and life's work than their parents have been. These pupils are the nation's apprentices, so to speak, and we expect from them when they come to maturity such a display of intelligence in their crafts and trades as will repay to us the cost of their education. What should we think of that employer of labour who, when his apprentices have served their time, would turn them adrift and say to them, "Go your ways; work at what you please and where you please"? We should regard him as singularly blind, not only to his apprentices' welfare, but to his own interests. Yet this is what we in this country do with the young who pass from our elementary schools. These lads and girls, at an age when inexperience lays them open to every destructive temptation, plunge into hard daily toil, with little to amuse them at night, in homes that are generally overcrowded abodes of discomfort, and with only the baneful gaiety of the streets, the gin-palaces, and the music-halls to enliven their sordid existences. The result in too many cases is only what might be expected. The instruction early imparted to the new generation is forgotten, with all its impulses towards moral and mental enlightenment; the smatterings of education that remain are only used as excuses for idleness or as incentives to vice, and the forty thousand elementary teachers in our land are apt to think themselves performing the labours of the Danaides, everlastingly drawing water in sieves from the deep well of life.

London is of course the greatest centre in which to study educational developments. Well, it is almost incredible, yet true, that a very few years ago it possessed no night schools worthy of the name. In 1882 the London School Board began to remedy this gigantic defect, seeing clearly that elementary education should be such as gives children a real taste for enlightenment, and feeling that if the taste is created we should continue to afford gratification for it to the children of a larger growth who go out from class-rooms and playgrounds into the big world of toil. Progress in this movement has been slow till lately, but whereas there were five thousand pupils in the London Board's night schools last year, this year there are nine thousand. This considerable improvement is encouraging. It is to be hoped that in the matter of night schools for London these figures are but small things; yet there is nothing more cheering for the modern educationalist than a visit to one of these classes. There are to be found shopwomen and milliners, factory hands, and other young girls beaming intelligently over books of travel or history, or receiving interesting information that puts dry details of arithmetic and kindred subjects in an enticing light. There also is to be found the precocious boy who has passed all his standards under the usual age, and

who still pursues knowledge of his own free will and pleasure. He works beside older youths who seek to qualify themselves for superior clerkships, and not seldom old men sit as learners in the same room with him, and grey-haired mechanics listening to chats upon electricity and light, or grim pensioners drilling themselves through the French grammar with as much energetic precision as if they were on parade. These are fine sights, and in a sense form the most real exemplification of the seeking for "sweetness and light" and the "making for righteousness" that the distinguished Inspector of Schools who invented these phrases could wish to find.

And yet how much remains to be done! Here and there in a district one Board School will light up thrice a week for a couple of hours in the evening, to welcome those who seek food for the intellect after the day's hard work is done, but the great majority of these magnificent people's palaces of education remain sullen and gloomy and empty from dusk to dawn. Why should these spacious buildings thus remain useless in the midst of populous streets and overcrowded dwellings?

Many have put this question to themselves. Not very long ago a body of ladies and gentlemen, headed by royalty, approached the London Board, petitioning for the use of the schools for evening clubs, to be open at a moderate fee to the working classes. Difficulties stood in the way of the Board's giving the requisite permission—too many difficulties; and the scheme was finally rejected on the ground that the authorities had no legal right to grant the buildings for such purposes. Since then a happier light has dawned, and for this light we have to confess ourselves largely indebted to America. It is true that our Continental neighbours have shown us the necessity of technical education, and technical schools and colleges are beginning to spring up in the country—too few of them in London. Yet Mr. Leland, author of "Hans Breitman's Ballads," has the honour of having shown us a natural spring of work which can be made an introduction to technical study as delightful as it is useful. This we may designate the instinct for mud-pies. It is probably wrong, after all, to say that Mr. Leland found out this instinct for us; clay-modelling has long formed an item in Froebel's teaching system. The American writer, however, has had the merit of insisting on our carrying the principle beyond the Kindergarten schools. Constructiveness is inborn in us, and manifests itself in forms more or less ornamental long before it becomes of much use. In the furthest away of the prehistoric ages of which we catch glimpses, men and women could fashion hardly any useful vessels or implements; yet they have left us ornaments of shell and clay beads, and exquisite etching on stone and bone depicting animal life with rare fidelity. Jewellery and embroidery preceded knives and axes and ploughs. And as it has been with the species, so is it always with man the individual. Can you keep a boy from dabbling with clay and putty, or whittling pieces of wood, or scribbling houses and faces



on his school-books? Only with difficulty. The mother would be foolish who banished from her nursery the peace-bearing delights of bricks and paint-boxes.

This inherent tendency towards constructiveness and decoration is ineradicable; it is an unalterable instinct for the beautiful—in its typical early form, for mud-pies.

Why, then, can we not lay hold of this tendency to create, and train it, not only in Kindergarten infant scholars, but in lads and girls who have no beauty in their homes, and yet have in them latent sensibilities for colour and form? A large proportion of the art-products sent out from Persia, Egypt, India, the Tyrol, Switzerland, Bavaria, and Spain, come from the hands of juvenile artificers, who work at them in their homes. What young fingers can do in these countries our young folks could surely do here—to some extent at any rate—if they were taught how to set about the work.

Acting on this assumption, and accepting the successful example of industrial art classes held at Philadelphia and other centres in the United States, a few thoughtful people of culture founded in our midst some years ago the Home Arts and Industries Association. This association has a good many teaching centres in the country, and three or four in London, for teaching the young the use of their hands. Its success has been gratifying, if not astonishing. In Nottingham this success has been followed up by Dr. Paton and other local philanthropists by the establishment of voluntary staffs of teachers to work along with the paid teachers in night schools, and to impart instruction in pleasant industrial arts. This happy thought, I firmly believe, will prove to be one of the greatest educational boons conceived during the lifetime of this generation. It must be understood that night schools have to earn their Government grants, just like day schools, by teaching the class (or strictly elementary) subjects, and the specific (or more advanced) subjects of a general education. Even here the new artistic propaganda is working a revolution, for it is aiding the teaching of geography, science, and other subjects by means of recreative methods, such as the projection on screens of accurate and lovely views, and object-lessons of every sort. But, beyond this, the voluntary teachers find eager applicants crowding round them to be taught drawing, wood-carving, leather-work, stencilling, mosaic-work, modelling in clay, repoussé-work, embroidery, and other forms of industry that open up the mind *and that pay*. That is the point. Not only is all this novel art-teaching a capital introduction to more absolutely technical

and utilitarian studies, but it is the direct means of enabling hundreds to earn money in their own homes by producing modest works of art.

And now London is beginning an experiment of the kind under the auspices of the School Board and the Trades Council. The Trades Council memorialised the Board, asking permission to supplement its paid staff of night teachers with voluntary teachers of industrial art. The Board agreed to the memorial. The proposed system of co-operation between the paid and the voluntary teachers is scarcely formulated yet, and this winter will probably see no more than an imperfect application of the theories imported from America and developed therefrom. Still, it remains a fact that all this practical art-teaching is being organised in London as it was in Philadelphia and Nottingham. At first the arts will be taught for two hours three nights a week, just like the ordinary subjects. But if the scheme grows the Board will throw open all its schools, if necessary, six evenings out of seven, and then the big schools will gloom upon us no longer, but look as cheerful as the theatres and do twenty times as much good to the industries of the great city. It is even hinted that if all goes well, not only the pupils themselves, but their relatives, will occasionally be admitted to evening entertainments of a recreative and instructive kind in these schools. Is not this good news? It is one of the most beneficial facts that have come to us since the London School Board was established. Any persons who wish to light up London elementary schools for the amusement and instruction of the young among the poorer classes, and who are willing to seriously devote one hour or two hours a week to the pleasant task of class instruction in some simple form of art, have only to announce themselves as volunteers to the Secretary, Home Arts and Industries Association, 1, Langham Chambers, London, W., and their aid will be welcomed. If needed, a course of preliminary lessons on the art of teaching will be freely afforded to them. Amateurs of culture working as volunteers in our poorer schools will have the satisfaction of feeling that they are largely helping to increase the money-earning benefits of elementary education, and thus meeting the reproaches of those who sneer at our acts and codes as only productive of intelligent idleness among the rising generation. And if it takes them some time to create appreciation of true beauty, they will at least be able to point out what is not beautiful, and may so unite to cast down the Dagon of London's Philistia, the demon of ugliness that terrorises in the East End.

ERIC S. ROBERTSON.



## SHAKESPEARE AS A TEMPERANCE TEACHER.

SHAKESPEARE, who philosophised so wonderfully on all things by which he saw the social world "conditioned," did not by any means neglect the custom of drinking. He saw it in its poetic aspects; the customs consecrated to it, wits at their tavern suppers, and kings at their royal feasts. He reflected on it as a national custom, and he illustrated it by many wonderful individual characters. Taking these together, it is not difficult to find out what were Shakespeare's thoughts as a moralist on this most important subject.

As a national vice we have the fullest condemnation of it in that scene where Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus are waiting for the ghost on the ramparts of Elsinore. As they talk there is a sound of trumpets and ordnance within the castle, and Horatio asks, "What does this mean, my lord?"

*Hamlet.*—"The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,  
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;  
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,  
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge."

Then he adds this bitter condemnation of the practice:

"This heavy-headed revel, east and west,  
Makes us traduced, and taxed of other nations:  
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase  
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes  
From our achievements."

These words, put into Hamlet's mouth, were undoubtedly Shakespeare's deliberate verdict on the national vice of England—a vice even then so pronounced that he makes Iago give her people a very unenviable superiority in it:

*Iago.*—"They (the English) are most potent in potting.  
Your Dane, your German, and your Hollander,—Drink, ho!  
—are nothing to your English."

The spirit of Shakespeare's thoughts on this subject, however, may be best learned from the individual drunkards among his *dramatis personæ*, for Shakespeare knew well that there are drunkards, and drunkards. Thus, how differently he paints the effects of wine upon the savage Caliban and the gentlemanly Cassio.

Caliban has but a glimmering of intelligence, but Stephano's bottle puts a new life into him—a very brutal one, for wherever the neck of the bottle is turned the lips of the savage slobber for more—nay, he would fain worship the holder of it. He will work no more now for Prospero, and in his drunken elation clumsily frisks about, crying, with his eyes upon the bottle,

"Freedom, heyday! Heyday, freedom! Heyday, freedom!"

But the freedom he desires is physical intoxication, and his brutal allegiance will be given to any one who can show him a bottle. Alas! we need not go to Prospero's isle to find Calibans of this spirit.

How different a victim to the vice is Cassio!—soldier high in command, "a great arithmetician," and withal an honest, upright gentleman. Cassio has no love for wine, and a very poor head for it, and indeed dislikes the custom of drinking; but he has little strength of character, and, allows Iago, even against his reason and his wish, to make him drink. This scene is so cleverly drawn, and its humour so irresistible, that its moral would be bad had not Shakespeare placed in it Iago malevolently sober, with fiendish tact guiding the revel to fiendish ends, and had he not so quickly introduced Othello and the inevitable judicial punishment.

Then what bitterness of contemptuous self-reproach has Cassio! "Drunk? and speak parrot? squabble, swagger, swear, and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? . . . To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast! . . . I drunk! . . . Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil!" It may be urged that the proverb, "Good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used," winds up the argument as far as it is carried in this play ("Othello"), but that saying comes from the false Iago, and may be fairly set at naught.

Leaving these cases of incidental drunkenness, let us look at the confirmed sot, Barnardine, in "Measure for Measure." The great lesson of this play is *social mercy*, and the treatment of this dissolute prisoner makes him one of the most wonderful of Shakespeare's minor characters. Barnardine is "drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk"—an ignorant outcast, hulking about the prison, either sleeping, drinking, or in a sullen, half-sober stupor—"a man that apprehends death no more dreadfully than a drunken sleep."

Barnardine is indeed a terrible picture of the savage of civilised life; outcast from birth, falling naturally from hellish revels into hellish crimes, and then confronted with justice and the gallows. Society has been hanging its Barnardines for woeful centuries, but Shakespeare, two hundred and seventy years ago, dared this opinion:

"A creature unprepared, unmeet for death,  
And to transport him in the mind he is  
Were damnable."

Accordingly he hands him over to the Friar for instruction, bidding Barnardine

"take this mercy to provide  
For better times to come."

Of that class of drunkards whom we call

"loafers" Shakespeare has given us four admirable portraits—Sly in the "Taming of the Shrew," and Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym in "Henry the Fourth."

Sly is a low, idle village tippler, with a dirty, sottish face and a loose tongue, and for whom one can only feel the most unmitigated contempt. Bardolph is the best of the three followers of Falstaff, for he at least was faithful to his master. But he is one of those clayey creatures whom no quantity of spirit touches; he is always sober in a muddy kind of way, and after the hardest drinking bout, is able to light Falstaff home. Fluellen's description of him to Henry the Fifth sets the confirmed sot clearly before us:—"One Bardolph, if your Majesty knows the man, his face is all bubukies, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red." But, after all, he is a better creature than the egotistical sot Nym, with his never-ending comments on his own character and doings, and his wearisome repetition of "the humour of it." Pistol is the city sot, swaggering and shabby-genteel. The modern Pistols wear flashy dress and cheap jewellery, and haunt low theatres and gambling houses.

Now Shakespeare's disposition of these three shows how he estimated such characters. Bardolph is hanged for stealing a pyx from a church, and Nym has a similar fate. Pistol takes his farewell of us, in that ridiculous scene, in the English Court of Guard, where, disgraced, cashiered, and with the taste of Fluellen's leek in his mouth, he decides to go back to England and "brag and steal, and devise new shifts." Somehow, we feel quite sure that his career terminates, sooner or later, at Tyburn.

The highest types of sots that Shakespeare has drawn for us are Sir Toby Belch and Sir John Falstaff. With an outward similitude they are yet very different, Sir Toby being a far inferior character to his brother knight. Sir Toby loves practical jokes; Sir John never descends so low. Sir Toby delights in brawling and song singing; Sir John prefers his ease in his own inn, and relies upon his wit and his powers of conversation. Sir Toby easily becomes drunk and noisy; Sir John drinks all night and rises as cool as when he sat down. Sir Toby is genial to the core, and as he has the capacity for falling honestly in love, we are led to believe that a good wife will make him eventually a sober, domestic gentleman, fonder of his family than his bottle.

But for Falstaff we have no such hope. We know that he will never marry, but will always be a dweller in clubs and taverns. And we cannot

but feel what a grand character is here wrecked by the love of sack! And Shakespeare, in the subtlest and most delicate way, shows us that Falstaff fully realised his degraded condition. He does not forget the days when he was page to Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk, and when he was the friend and companion of John of Gaunt. A dissipated man of rank, with a thousand times more wit than ever fell to the lot of any man of rank in the world, he knows quite well that he has wasted his opportunities and his powers. Observe that he never laughs himself; others laugh at him, or in his company, but he jests with a sad brow, there is no heart-fun in his wit, it is all intellectual.

Macbeth, in the agony of his despair, admits that his old age must lack honour, love, obedience, and friends. Falstaff makes no complaints, but in his acceptance of such companions as Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol, he tacitly acknowledges the same thing. No great crimes or wrongs curse his descent to the grave, but it is none the less sad. All his fair prospects wasted, his substance gone, his friends false, his services forgotten, he dies in a tavern indebted for his last necessities to Dame Quickly's kindness. Indeed, the death of Falstaff, told in her rude *patois* to his debauched companions, is, to the reflective mind, one of the most pathetic of scenes.

*Hostess*.—"So 'a cried out, God! God! God! three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet, etc.

*Nym*.—"They say he cried out for sack.

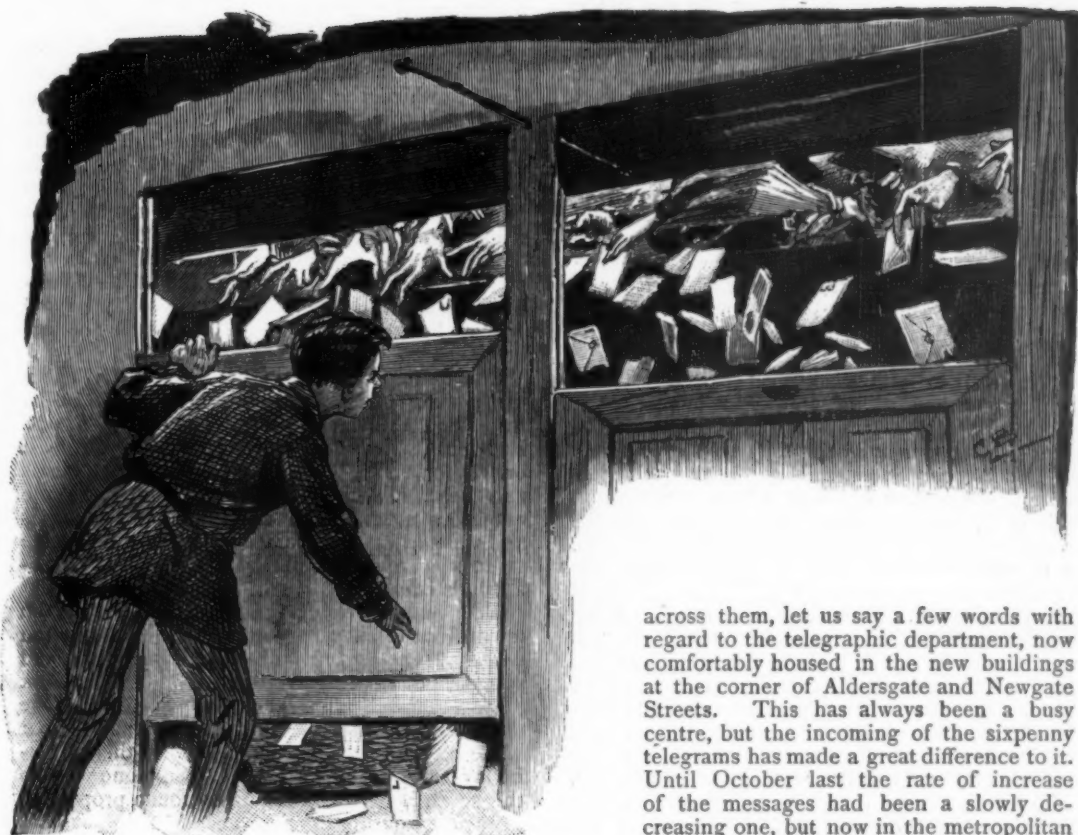
*Hostess*.—"Ay, that 'a did."

It is true that Shakespeare is himself accused of sometimes staying too long at the carousals at the Mermaid Inn. Very probably out of these experiences, and the shame and remorse following them, he drew the contemptuous self-reproach of Cassio—"Discourse fustian with one's own shadow." There is a dash of retrospective self-annoyance in the very accuracy of the phrase.

But his disapproval of drinking, both as a national and individual vice, is quite evident; and perhaps among his other prophetic glimpses he had the vision of a time when Cassio's wish that "courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment" would be taken into social and legislative consideration. In fact, if Shakespeare lived to-day, there is little doubt—judging him from his own works—that he would take the chair at all the temperance meetings held in Stratford-on-Avon

AMELIA E. BARR.

## A DAY AT THE POST OFFICE.



THE LETTER-BOX AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AT SIX P.M.

THE Post Office is the most popular of our Government Departments. It is the one in which all take an interest, and of which all have some personal acquaintance. There are few, however, who have any idea of the amount of organisation required for its successful working. A telegram is sent or received, a letter is dropped into a pillar-box or comes fluttering through the front door, but the number who can tell how the telegram was dealt with, or how the letter was picked out from thousands and duly delivered at its address, is strangely limited.

With a view of familiarising our readers with what takes place within the walls of the Post Office, we here give a brief account of what we thought best worthy of notice during a recent visit to St. Martin's-le-Grand. Reserving to another occasion all we may have to say of the history and curiosities of this essential of our modern life, we here restrict ourselves entirely to what came under our personal observation.

And first, taking things in the order we came

across them, let us say a few words with regard to the telegraphic department, now comfortably housed in the new buildings at the corner of Aldersgate and Newgate Streets. This has always been a busy centre, but the incoming of the sixpenny telegrams has made a great difference to it. Until October last the rate of increase of the messages had been a slowly decreasing one, but now in the metropolitan circuits the messages have gone up some 60 per cent. in number, and the preparations to cope with the flood have been

fully justified. Of the half-million of money set aside by the House of Commons as capital outlay for the new tariff, £200,000 has been spent, and of that an appreciable amount has gone towards putting an additional floor on this new building, so as to double the space for the instruments.

The upper floor is now devoted to the metropolitan circuits, while the old room is fully occupied by the provincial wires. This lower floor seems an immense area, furnished with scores of long mahogany counters, dotted confusedly with countless punchers, receivers, and transmitters, single needles, rheostats, relays, and sounders, all in full swing. After the eye becomes accustomed to the crowd, we find that we have entered at the press end, and that immediately in front of us a message has arrived on the usual "flimsy" from one of the news agencies for simultaneous despatch to the great towns of the north. The opportunity is too good to be lost, and we keep eager watch on what takes place.



The message is handed to a "puncher," who sits before a pigmy piano and proceeds to punch on paper tapes a series of holes, doing duty for the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet. Two lines of holes are used, and for every letter a hole is made on each side of the central line. When the holes are opposite each other the two holes stand for a dot, when the holes are stamped diagonally the pair do duty for a dash. The tapes come gliding out of the piano at the rate of about sixty words a minute, and as six tapes are stamped simultaneously, food for six transmitters is at once provided. The rate of the transmitter is, however, five times that of the puncher, and to get the most out of each machine is no easy task. Business is now rather slack, the commercial work has ended for the day and the press work has hardly begun, but about eight o'clock things will wake up considerably, and we should then see these perforated tapes curling and fluttering all over the tables, and passing from hand to hand about as plentifully as shavings in a carpenter's shop.

We see the six tapes taken off each to its transmitter, and then, with a screw of the handle to the clockwork, each begins to run through, while the needle arrangement works away on the principle of the Jacquard loom, the holes in the strip permitting the contact which at the receiving-station results in the pale-blue ribbon issuing from the receiver marked with the familiar dashes and dots. A beautifully simple piece of mechanism is this receiver. It consists essentially of a tiny wheel revolving in ink. Each time the contact is made by the needles of the transmitter the current is sent round the coil of the receiver, resulting in its iron becoming a magnet as long as the contact lasts. This temporary magnet attracts the arm on which the ink-wheel works and keeps it pressed against the paper. As soon as the current ceases the wheel drops, and the tape runs on unmarked. The length of the dash thus corresponds to the duration of the current, and by the aid of the short and long dashes the message is rapidly reeled off.

After eight o'clock at night, during election and other verbose times, it is not unusual for half a million words to pass through these machines, and even three-quarters of a million have been reached on occasions when several streams of eloquence have had to flow in at full pressure.

Just as the mails are worked by roads so the telegraphs are worked by circuits, special circuits being formed as occasions arise. In the event of its being required for different towns on the circuit to take off simultaneously, a signal to that effect is given, and while the terminal station gets the message on the tape the others on the road read it off from the sounder as it passes through. For duplicate messages tapes are used, but the instruments most in vogue are these sounders, and as we pass along the tables we see apparently dozens of them, each steadily pegging away under its mahogany hood, while the clerk close by takes down the mechanical dictation. A strange effect have these metallic chatterboxes, each gifted with a distinct tone of its own, so that no two brass babies cry exactly alike. To

increase the strength of the voice a relay is used, the relay being simply an arrangement by which the feeble whispers of the wire are received and given forth with greater power. Relays, too, have another use. On long circuits they come in to stimulate the current to further effort. The Irish messages, for instance, are all relayed at Llanfair before they are sent across the Irish Sea.

On our way down the room we reach the "test box," a large mahogany brass-knobbed board to which the wires that enter the building are all led. From the screw to which they are fastened a wire goes to the instrument, and this wire has to pass through another test box before it reaches the battery below. There are thus two breaks in every wire, and by this means it is rendered possible to find out at once in the event of a failure of conduction if the fault is in the outside wire, the instrument, or the cell. Counting bells and internal wires, there are about 2,000 on the knobs, but of these only some 700 are outsiders.

The battery-room is in the basement. There three miles of shelving carry the 30,000 cells that keep the wires alive in charge of a staff sufficient to clean and attend to each cell at least once a fortnight. A cheerless silent chamber is this heart of our telegraph system, where the enormous accumulation of electric power labours and waits in crockery jars marshalled side by side in regular rows like the jam-pots in a house-keeper's cupboard.

But we have not yet finished aloft. On the upper floor of all we are among the metropolitan wires. Here as below the clerks are men and women, not working apart as in the old days, but all together and apparently on equal terms. One difference there is, we learn, and that is that while both men and women each have their eight-hour turn of day duty, it is the men alone who do the seven hours' work required from a proportion of the staff during the night.

Here for the first time we notice the important part played by pneumatic despatch tubes in our telegraphic system. Instead of being handed about from floor to floor the messages are sent along in the carriers. These carriers are cylinders of vulcanite cased with felt, and sucked by air through leaden tubes on the familiar principle of the pump. All the London messages pass through the central office. We are standing opposite an instrument on which is the label "Old Kent Road." A message is signalled, sounded off, and written, and to our surprise we find it is intended for "Brixton," to the instrument connected with which it is duly carried and wired away. So it is with the whole metropolis, which it has been found desirable to deprive of all cross wires. Many of the messages from the larger London centres never get on the wires till they come here, the originals being forwarded through the tubes in the carriers.

The machinery for this pneumatic service is one of the "sights" of the Post Office. A telegraphic instrument is an unobtrusive brass affair in a mahogany box not half as imposing as a microscope. To understand it requires technical



knowledge, to describe it requires technical sketches, and the average mind is satisfied to grasp the general principles as taught in the text-books, and leave the details as a profitless mystery. But the case is different with the pneumatic machinery. In the basement are four huge Gallo-way boilers. These work, first, a couple of engines, one to pump water from the artesian well, the other to drive the pulping machine close



THE TELEGRAPHIC ROOM. PNEUMATIC TUBES.

handy, in which, after being kept for two months, the used telegram forms are reduced to pulp, so that waste paper never leaves the premises to get into improper hands. But their chief use is to furnish steam for the three large engines on the floor above. One of these is at rest in

reserve, and two are at work pumping air into the reservoir for use in the pipes.

The bell-like mouths of the intake, a foot and more in diameter, open opposite to each other, and into them the air is alternately drawn. As we hold our hands in front we feel our coat sleeves flutter, and can realise the truth of the tale that is told us of how some short time before a gentleman, thoughtlessly holding his hat over the bell, had it whisked out of his grasp, to be swallowed bodily by the machine. The engine-room is a model of brightness and polish, and the 50-horse power engines, with their fifteen-feet fly-wheels and leisurely oscillating beams, remind one of the familiar Cornish pumpers working with a staid regularity that is quite mesmeric in its rhythm. The vacuum valves blow off at 20lb. to the square inch, the pressure-valves at 14lb., and the air in compression gives out so much heat that we can hardly hold the hand against the main.

On the floor above is the central hall, the chief attraction perhaps of the new building. It is a handsome pillared apartment originally designed for the Accountant-General and cruelly spoiled architecturally by the use to which it has been put. It is the centre of the London pneumatic system, and has thirty-three main-line tubes coming in from the outside. These are curved and arched round the hall so as to give it the look of a huge mechanical organ; and the resemblance is increased by the many table tubes communicating with the floors above. As we stand by the main row of pipes we hear the signal, and the dial tells us that there is a carrier in the tube from Charing Cross. Waiting for four minutes, the handle is adjusted, there comes a sullen thump, and out of the end of the pipe is taken a felt cylinder, which on being opened is found to contain forty messages, all of which are immediately sorted into metropolitan and provincial and despatched above. Four minutes have thus been taken up in transit. Had the messages been sent by wire they would have had to follow in rotation, and half an hour at least would have been occupied in their transmission. We are somewhat angry at the disillusion; we had unreasonably imagined that electricity could beat anything—and so it does if the distances be only long enough. And with an expression of regret that the tubes should under any circumstances eclipse the wires, we leave the telegraph buildings and betake ourselves to the letter office over the way.

Here is another central hall, but how differently is it occupied! We have left the placid grove of tubes for a wild sea of letters, amid which long lines of men are working for their lives, snatching up spoils from the milky waves. This is the sea of "sortation," and the tide is rising at an alarming rate, for we are here at the busiest time on the busiest day of the week. The Postmaster-General says that he receives for delivery 1,500 millions of letters per annum. The number is vast—too vast, perhaps, to be impressive. But as we look down on that rippling, shivering flood of white we cannot help thinking that the statement

is much below the mark, and that somehow "per annum" should be read "per night."

Making our way down the lines of sorters, we are led to one of the sources of the sea—the back of the boxes beneath the portico of St. Martin's-le-Grand. There are in this world some well-meaning people who have built up what they are pleased to call a "science" on the palms of men's hands; if at any time the backs should be thought worthy of similar honour, here are specimens by the thousand. The letters come flying and dropping and raining in as if they were the flakes of some furious snowstorm, and above the upper edge of the shower is a long line of human hands, with their knuckles towards us, and their fingers spread out in sorts, sizes, shapes, and makes sufficient to satisfy the most exacting chiromaniac. Suddenly the clock strikes, the huge mouth shuts with a snap, in goes the lid to the funnel below, and the drops from the dying storm patter on the wood—too late.

The baskets are taken away from beneath the shoots, leaving the lid to withstand the stream, and the letters are shot out on to the tables, first of all to be faced. This facing is a very speedy performance, although during it a rough sortation, or rather a weeding-out of irregularities, goes on. From the facing table we follow the letters to the stampers, who not only mark the letters, but take note of the numbers. This counting is done almost automatically in batches of



STAMPING LETTERS BY HAND.

fifty, the fifty-first stamp being in each case made on a strip of paper instead of on a letter, so that the number of stamps on the strip gives the fifties that have passed through the stampers' hands. There is more in this stamping than at first sight appears. Away in one of the galleries is the stamp rack in charge of an officer whose duty it is to change the stamps with every mail. Every stamp used differs from the others in its marks, and every mail has a different stamp, and each

stamper has to get his stamp from the rack and sign for it in a book on its delivery to him. The stamp on the letter thus shows, not only the office from which the letter was despatched, but the mail by which it was sent, and the person by whom the impression was made. This hand-stamping seems, however, to be a somewhat antique contrivance, and we are not surprised to find in our wanderings a stamping machine worked with a treadle, which does its work at a rate of 450 a minute, and gets through a million in a fortnight, and by means of numbered rollers keeps account of every letter that passes through its teeth.



SORTING LETTERS.

After the stamping comes the first sortation into the main lines or "roads" which the letters will have to travel. The sorters stand close together side by side along the table on which the heaps of missives have been shot. In front of them are a series of pigeon holes with labels on square bars so that each hole can do duty for four different localities at different times of the day, and into these holes the letters are swiftly dealt. The rate of sorting depends much on the letters, but in good hands as many as fifty can be got through in a minute. The rate may sometimes sink to thirty-five, the personal equation of course coming in. The easiest letters to sort are those in good envelopes of commercial size all clearly written, such as come in from the city offices. Clerks now write so well that there is seldom a difficulty in dealing with office letters. It is in the case of outsiders and the foreign mails that the oft-quoted curiosities are so frequent. Postcards, too, are a sore trial to the sorters; they are not milled enough to make them slip, they cling together so that it is difficult to separate them, and it is really painful to watch an active sorter pulled up short by a pair of obstinate cards that refuse to part company. Verily those who are anxious to assist in a good cause and minimise the waste of work

might bear in mind these sorting difficulties and entrust their correspondence to the post in the familiar shape in which it is easiest dealt with.

Some folks seem to fancy that anything is good enough for the post. Here is a mysterious parcel all hollows and angles covered loosely with whitey-brown paper and with odds and ends of wood sticking out through the tears. We follow it to the "hospital," where all such cripples have to go to be patched up if possible to stand the toils of transit. The mysterious packet contains an assortment of wooden toys and a bow-and-arrow arrangement which have been loosely wrapped up in cap paper and cheerily entrusted to the tender mercies of the letter bag with a label just slipping from the end. And yet articles are "lost in the post." How remarkable! And this delightful letter is not the only cripple by very many. Here are envelopes burst by their contents, boxes smashed in the basket, letters posted open, and the "cases" more or less serious come in a continuous stream to be plastered up with wax or bandaged or bound, and got rid of for the mail in preparation.

Some of the letters are not addressed at all, and some bear characters that would defy even a Rawlinson. These go to the "blind" pigeon-hole, and find their way thence to the gentlemen whose

pleasing duty it is to try long shots at probabilities, and decipher the apparently indecipherable. As we stand by the desk a veritable puzzler is taken up—a Welsh word three inches long, all ups and downs and quivers and points that may do duty for every consonant in the alphabet. Above the table is a long series of manuscript volumes containing the name of every village in the kingdom, even of many solitary houses, for the rural postmen have orders to report each new name to their branch, and from the branch the report comes to headquarters, where it is duly indexed for the benefit of these leaders of the blind. A reference to this extensive gazetteer, fuller by far than the census reports, reveals the fact that the caligraphic mystery is intended for a sweet little spot in Radnor, and the almost indecipherable being thus replaced by the almost unpronounceable, the missive is sent forth on to the Welsh road. The next enigma we notice is addressed in schoolboy hand to some one at "Grove." "Which grove? What grove? How many groves are there?" we ask. "At least fifty. That will have to go back through the Dead Letter Office." And the parcel to Grove is dispatched to its fate. The next is an address with "C.D." at the end. After due deliberation the mystery is unravelled. "But what does 'C.D.' stand for?"

"County Durham, it seems." And so on, and so on. The "blind" come dropping in and are dealt with as they come by these four genial guessers, who, to us, hold the most enviable position in the room.

We are shown the album of curiosities. What a pity it is that the late Mr. Mulready did not have a peep at this volume before he designed his famous envelope, "approved by the Royal Academy," and quizzed by everybody else! Most remarkable are some of these drawings; elephants, ostriches, donkeys, horses, butterflies, damsels, negroes, and rustics all do duty as stamp-carriers, and here and there a really well-drawn figure makes us regret that the time of a talented man should have been so wasted. Of the strange addresses the least said the better. They are simply indescribable, and would lose all their beauty in regular type. Artemus Ward sinks into insignificance in face of these astounding perverters of our native tongue.

But let us return to sortation. From the primary sortation the letters go to the subdividing-table, thence



THE HOSPITAL.



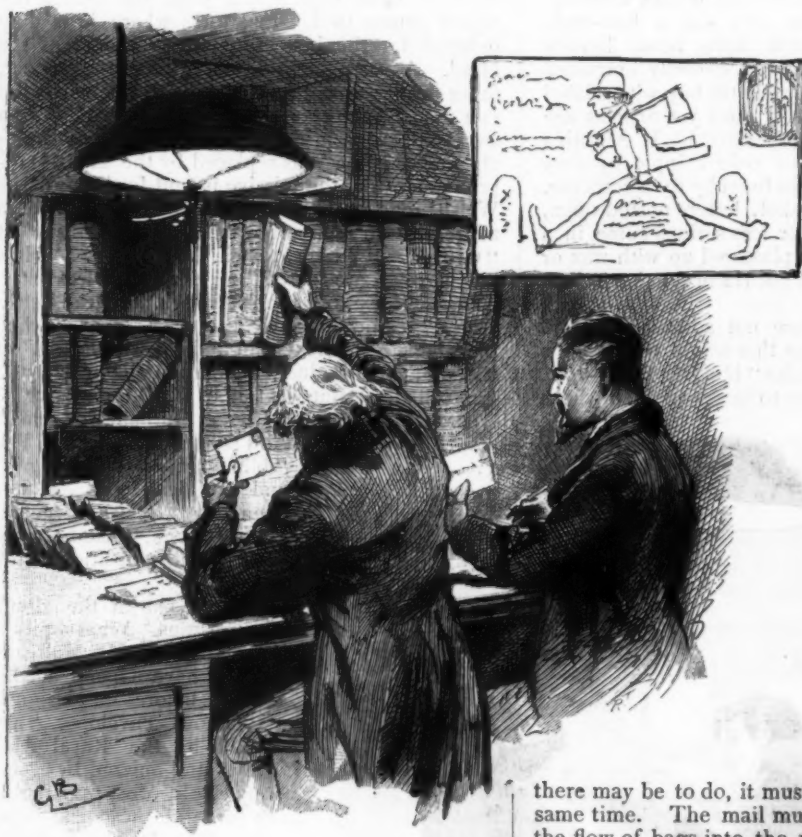
they go to the road officers, and thence they find their way into the bag. Each of these steps is but a repetition of the primary sortation, and we duly note them and pass on. In one corner of the room we come upon another phase of Post Office business. Here are the letters being prepared for despatch in the E.C. district. They are first split up into groups, then into walks, and are then handed over to the postmen, who sort

ments prevail. It is impossible to size and face newspapers and book packets, and they have to be dealt with individually; hence the stamping is a slow process, the packets having to be taken up and stamped one by one. The feature of this room is perhaps the desk for the detectives up aloft, whose business it is to go round the tables and select such packets as appear suspicious. It says either much for their sagacity or little for our

honesty, that, of the packets they select, over twenty-five per cent. are chargeable with excess on account of the written communications they contain. It is curious what a deal of trouble some men will take to "dodge the post," but it is best, perhaps, to give no details; and we leave the detectives at their work, hoping that the number of those who think it worth while to be dishonest for a half-penny may soon grow less. Cumbrous are some of these book-packets; and now and then when, as to-night, the report of some large society is being sent out, the mail is very heavy. One of the great difficulties in post-office business is the meeting of these sudden rushes, for no matter how much work

there may be to do, it must always be done to the same time. The mail must not be stopped, and the flow of bags into the yard below must go on unchecked till eight o'clock, when it must suddenly cease. The object of all the activity around us is to get rid of the bags down the shoot. As soon as the last bag has sped past the tellers and slipped out into the night the strife is at an end—but not before.

Leaving the newspapers, we make our way to the Registered Letter Branch, where the same sortation is going on, with this difference, however, that no letter passes from one man to another without a signature. There being little here to detain us, we hasten on to the Foreign Department, which is busy to-night owing to the India and China Mail going out. Eight days ago the P. and O. boat that is to take it left the Thames, and now the mail, which proves to consist of a thousand bags, has to be got off overland



THE "BLIND OFFICE."

their own rounds so that the letters come in the order of their journey.

From here we make our way below to the Parcel Post Office, where the same proceedings are in progress, the packages dealt with only differing in size. The pigeon-holes are replaced by baskets, the bags are replaced by the hampers. A certain quiet reigns here, unlike the feverish haste on the floors above. There is no "rush" to-night; all is serene, and the parcels will be got off without difficulty.

Returning to the letter floor we find the bags still coming in and being shot out on to the tables, the empty bags themselves being bundled up and thrown through a trap-door to the bag-store below. Leaving this hall for a time, we ascend to the newspaper room, where somewhat different arrange-

\* The envelope in the corner of this illustration is a copy of an address that came into the office while our artist was there.

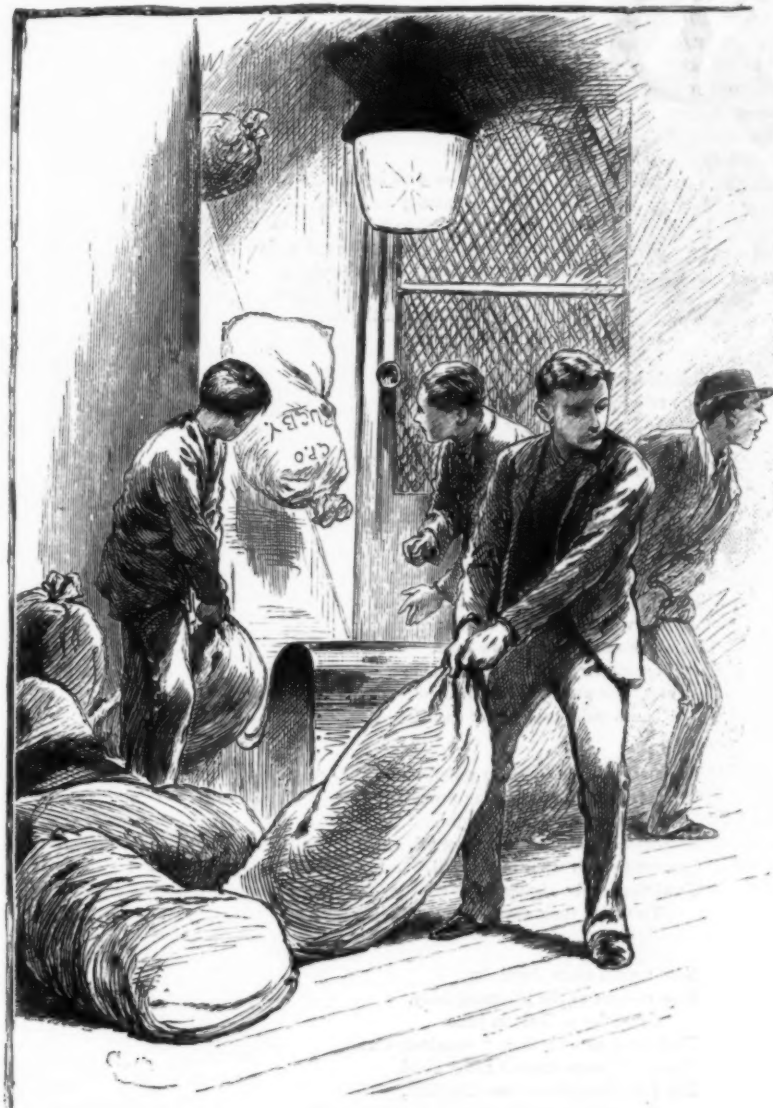


to catch her at Brindisi. Again we are amid the ever-present "sortation," but here the "roads" are names well known in geography, and the sorter's work would seem to be more interesting. And the bags, too, are worth a thought. There is a strong smell of carbolic acid about, owing to the bags during the late cholera scare not being allowed to pass through Italy unless they were first disinfected; and though the practice is now given up, the characteristic odour has not evaporated. Some of these bags are great travellers. Here is one that we are told has been round the world a dozen times at least! Every precaution is taken to insure against mistake. The bags, for instance, have different-coloured bands according to their destination, so that the lettering is not the only guide.

Besides the Indian monster we see the various Continental mails in rapid progress. Here is also a New Zealand mail preparing for a private ship due out from Plymouth to-morrow morning. Here are minor mails for Queen's ships on station abroad sent to be left at their next point of call. And among the odds and ends are some "closed mails" from the United States. These "closed mails" seem an admirable device. When a batch of letters is found to be addressed to any one particular place they are sealed up together in one bag, and this bag is sent off in the larger bag and practically treated as one letter through to delivery. One of the bags before us has come from the other side of the Atlantic, addressed to a town in the centre of Russia, and it is now going on unopened. "Sort, sort, sort," is the cry of the Post Office all

over the world. Here is a bag of German letters addressed "Travelling Post Office, Verviers—Dusseldorf," and this bag will go to Verviers unopened, where it will be taken in hand by the German authorities, who are best qualified to sort out its contents into the crowd of minor towns of the Fatherland for which they are intended.

But the crisis is approaching; eight o'clock is at hand. The bags are clearing rapidly off the floor. The wax-pot, with its seal kept in water to prevent its becoming too hot, is in constant request. The bags are strung and the wooden labels attached and the seal affixed, and one by one, with a sigh of relief from the sealer, are dragged to the trap-door, and with a vigorous hoist dropped on to the slope and fly down into the darkness. As each one passes the scorer he ticks it off. So many enter the shoot at the top, so many emerge from it with a bound at the bottom. The waybill is ready; the bags are shifted along the gallery and dropped into the carts waiting wide-mouthed to receive them. As the clock strikes eight the last bag appears



THE SHOOT AT EIGHT P.M.

from above. It is gripped and swung on to the top of its fellows. Before it settles down the lids of the van have closed on it and the horses are on the move.

We return to the hall. The sea of sortation has run dry. The tables are empty; the baskets over the pigeon-holes are all turned up and nothing is left in them. The night mail has gone.

And the foreign floor is also free. Hidden in

its thousand bags the overland has vanished, and with it down the same narrow road to start with have gone all its companions. On the same table letters from many a distant spot met here for an hour destined for the four quarters of the globe. And now they have parted again bound for Canton or Cape Town, Winnipeg or Wellington, or wherever a trade is to be done or a friend to be found.

W. J. GORDON.



### The Age of Innocence.

REAR were the world without a child,  
Where happy infant never smiled,  
Nor stirred a mother's love !  
We sooner could the flowerets spare,  
The tender bud and blossom fair,  
Or breath of spring-time in the air,  
Or light of dawn above.

No monarch rules with lordlier grace  
Than helpless infancy its place,  
Soon narrowed to a span ;  
Outstretching hands that claim as right  
All things that loom upon the sight,  
And recking nought of greater might  
That will discrown the man.

O little king, O little queen,  
You rule not with the golden sheen  
And pomp of larger courts ;  
But sovereign is your gentle sway,  
Strong hearts a willing homage pay,  
Love scatters garlands on the way  
Where your young Life disports.

No poet utters daintier word  
Than oft from lisping lips is heard,  
No wit moves purer mirth ;  
In mimic satire babes grow bold,  
And quaint surprises they unfold,  
As first their untaught eyes behold  
The wondrous shows of earth.

The mystery that wraps us round  
They probe with questioning profound,  
In artless words of thought,  
Untroubled that they know not all,  
Content to wait what may befall,  
Unwitting of the higher call  
To which their days are wrought.

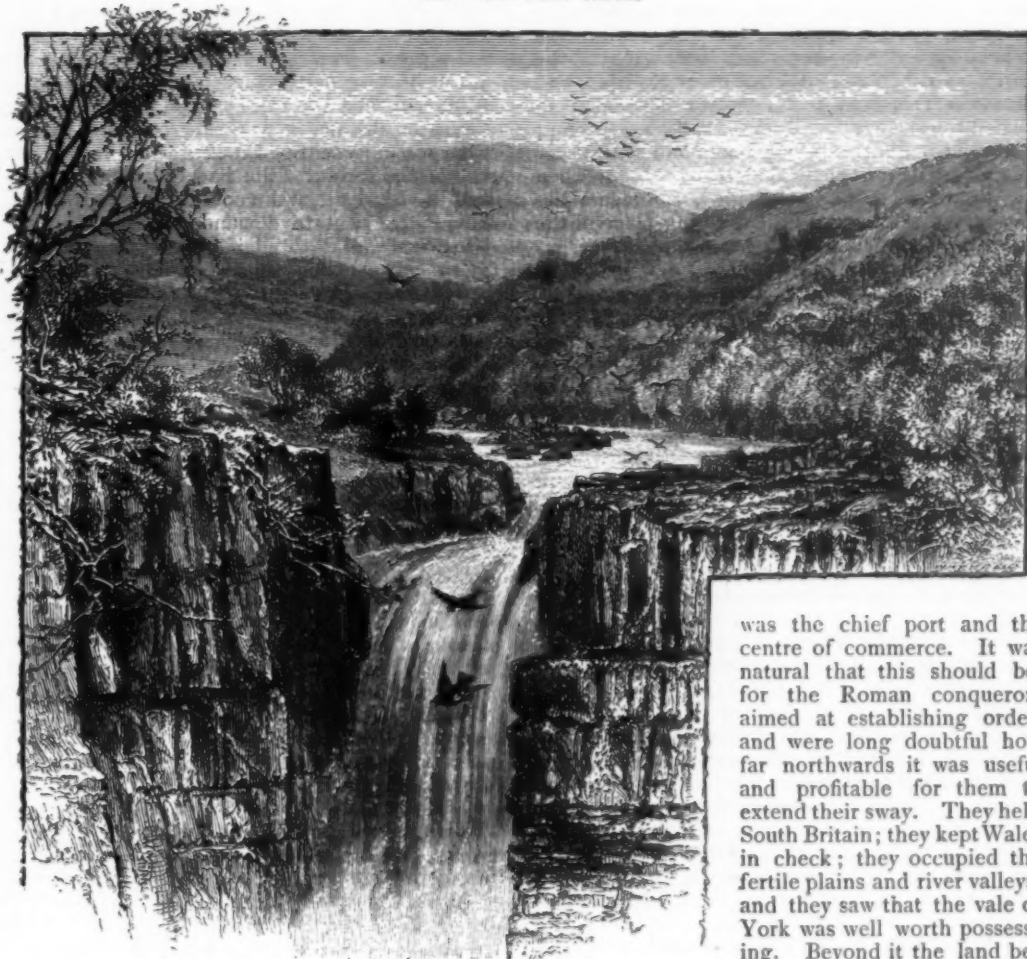
Now tearful as an April day,  
Now radiant as the blooming May,  
Or blithe as birds in June  
That thrill us with their "woodnotes wild,"  
The world were drear if never child  
The busy thoughts of man beguiled,  
Or set his heart in tune.

W. S.

## THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE REV. M. CREIGHTON, PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

### YORKSHIRE—FIRST PAPER.



HIGH FORCE FALL, THE NORTHERN BOUNDARY OF YORKSHIRE.

**Y**ORKSHIRE is the largest of the English shires, and its size corresponds to its ancient greatness. It is the chief part of the ancient kingdom of Northumberland, though the name has passed to the more northern shire, which gave up much of its old possessions to make the richest part of the Scottish kingdom. A second part went to St. Cuthbert's Church, and formed a principality ruled over by the Bishop of Durham. What remained was called Yorkshire, from the name of its chief town, one of the most memorable of English cities.

In the days when the Romans ruled in Britain, Eboracum, as York was then called, was the seat of government, though London, from its position,

was the chief port and the centre of commerce. It was natural that this should be, for the Roman conquerors aimed at establishing order, and were long doubtful how far northwards it was useful and profitable for them to extend their sway. They held South Britain; they kept Wales in check; they occupied the fertile plains and river valleys, and they saw that the vale of York was well worth possessing. Beyond it the land between the Tees and the Tyne was of little value, but the valleys of the Tyne, the Irthing,

and the Eden again attracted them. North of this they were doubtful about the expediency of extending their occupation. Finally they resolved to hold fast by the frontier line between the Solway and the Tyne, and they fortified this frontier by building a massive wall, along which were stationed nearly ten thousand soldiers. Beyond this boundary they made roads and established camps in the district between the Tyne and the Frith of Forth, between the Solway and the Clyde. This second boundary between the Forth and the Clyde was also held by an earthen fortification. The Romans seem to have resolved that south of the Tyne the order and the law of Rome should thoroughly

prevail. North of that district was a debatable land, which might in time be brought within the civilisation of Rome.

With such a policy it was natural to choose Eboracum as the capital of the province of Britain. There dwelt the governor of the province and his court; there converged many of the roads which the Romans were so skilled in making; thence went forth the troops who were to keep in order the turbulent barbarians of the north. Thither came the Emperor Hadrian, and there, in 211, died the Emperor Severus, who wasted the strength of Rome in a useless attempt to brave the difficulties of climate and of territory in a march against the Caledonians. Later, when the Roman Empire was divided, Eboracum became an imperial city as the dwelling-place of the Cæsar Constantius, and on his death, in 306, his more famous son Constantine was hailed in Eboracum as his father's successor. From Britain Constantine went forth to win for himself the mastery of the Roman world. But Rome's power was even then sinking into decay. Another century saw the Roman legions withdrawn, and the British people, enervated by Rome's civilisation, were left a prey to the incursions of the Picts and Scots from the north, and more dangerous attacks of the English and Saxon pirates along their coasts.

We can only guess at the course of the English conquest of Deira, as the southern part of the Northumbrian kingdom was called. Probably the first band of conquerors settled on the promontory at the mouth of the Humber, to which they gave the name of Holderness. Thence they spread along the valley of the Derwent till they occupied the district now called the East Riding, which perhaps is a surviving record of the first kingdom of the new-comers. Soon they advanced along the fertile valley of the Ouse, sacked Eboracum, and drove the Britons into the waste moorland on the west. Then they pursued the valley northwards, settling on such spots as attracted them, till they reached the Cleveland hills and the valley of the Tees. The territory which they occupied on this second advance corresponds to the existing division of the North Riding. The land of the West Riding, the rough ground that rises beyond the vale of York, was left for some time in the hands of the fugitive Britons.

Meanwhile another English kingdom had been formed, with its seat on the rock of Bamborough, the kingdom of Benicia, which spread southward till it bounded upon the lands of the men of Deira. Dissensions arose between these bands of kindred race, and Ælla, the Deiran king, waged war against Benicia and brought it under his sway. So little were the English conscious of their unity of race that captives taken in their raids upon one another found their way into the slave market of Rome. There a Roman priest was struck by a group of boys. "Of what race are these lads?" he asked. "They are Angles," was the answer. "Not Angles, but angels," said Gregory. "From what land are they?" "Deira," said the merchant. "De ira," he repeated; "saved from the wrath of God. Who is their king?" "Ælla,"

was the answer. "Then shall 'Alleluia' be sung in Ælla's land!" The priest lived to be Pope Gregory I. He did not forget his promise, and sent a band of Roman missionaries to spread the gospel in that far-off land.

The mission of Augustine did not, however, reach Deira for some time. King Ælla died, and on his death Benicia overran Deira, and King Ethelfrith united the two kingdoms into one. He was a great conqueror, and dealt a crushing blow at the Britons by marching along the valley of the Ribble against Deva or Chester. There he overthrew the Britons in 613, and extended his rule from sea to sea. But Ethelfrith was angered that one of the sons of Ælla had escaped the sword, and lived in exile at the court of the East Anglian king. He sent to demand his surrender, and King Redwald doubted if he should give up his guest. The exiled Edwin sat despairing of his safety on a stone outside the courtyard, when in the gathering darkness of the night there stood before him a stranger, who bade him be of good cheer. "You will not only escape your present danger," he said, "you will live to become a mighty king. If he who tells you this can give you good advice for life and soul, will you listen to him?" Edwin said "Yes," and the stranger laid his hand upon his head, saying, "When this sign is given you remember your promise." So he passed away.

His words came true. Redwald not only refused to give up Edwin, but warred against Ethelfrith on his behalf. Ethelfrith fell in battle, and Edwin succeeded him on the Northumbrian throne. In his exile he had married the daughter of the King of Kent, who had learned the gospel from the Roman missionaries. She brought with her one of them, Paulinus, and urged on her husband that he also should accept the faith of Christ. But Edwin hesitated, till Paulinus laid his hand upon his head and reminded him of the promise which he had made to the stranger. "By God's help," he said, "you have escaped your enemies and have gained a kingdom: see that you break not your promise; see that you deserve His future mercies." Then Edwin delayed no longer, but accepted the faith of Christ, and called his Wise Men together to one of his country houses near York, that they might give their counsel. Very characteristic of the reasonable and thoughtful minds of our forefathers is the account of their meeting. "Man's life," said one, "is like a sparrow that flies through the hall: from darkness it comes, and into darkness it goes—it stays but for a moment in the light and heat. So man's life stays here for a while, but whence it came and whither it goes we know not. If this new teaching tells us anything certain of these, let us follow it." Then rose Coifi, the priest of the idols. "No one," said he, "has worshipped the gods more than I, yet they have not shown favour to me." All agreed to listen to the new teachers; and Coifi, mounting on horseback, rode to the idol's temple at Godmunham, and profaned it by casting his spear. When no harm befell him for his impiety men said that their gods were naught,



and pulled down the temple, and burned the idols with fire.

Edwin reigned in York, and brought such order into his land as men had never known before. He subdued the British kingdom of Elmet or Loidis (Leeds), which had been left hitherto undisturbed amidst its woods and moors. This conquest brought into the Northumbrian kingdom the district which we now call the West Riding, and so the different parts of Yorkshire were united, though the traces of the old divisions still remain. But Edwin's greatness was not confined to this extension of his own dominions. There was already in England a tendency to national unity. The scattered bands of the original settlers early formed themselves into three great groups—the northern kingdom of Northumberland, the central kingdom of Mercia, and the southern kingdom in which the West Saxons gradually took the chief place. But Edwin carried this process a step farther: his supremacy was owned by all the English folk except the kingdom of Kent. It seemed likely in his days that York would keep her ancient place, and would become the capital of England, as she had been the capital of the Roman province of Britain.

This, however, was not to be. Edwin fell in battle against the Mercians, and the rule over Northumberland passed to the Benician royal house in 633. Oswy overthrew the Mercians in 655, and the supremacy of Northumberland again seemed possible. Oswy was anxious for unity within his dominions, and removed one source of discord. Deira owed its Christianity to Paulinus; Benicia had been converted by missionaries from Iona. There were differences between the usages of the two churches, and Oswy called a council at Streonshalh, as Whitby was then called, in 634 to decide which should prevail. Politically it was deemed best to adopt the organisation which was most powerful and most largely spread. Oswy decided in favour of the Roman use, and England from that time was one with Western Christendom in its religious usage.

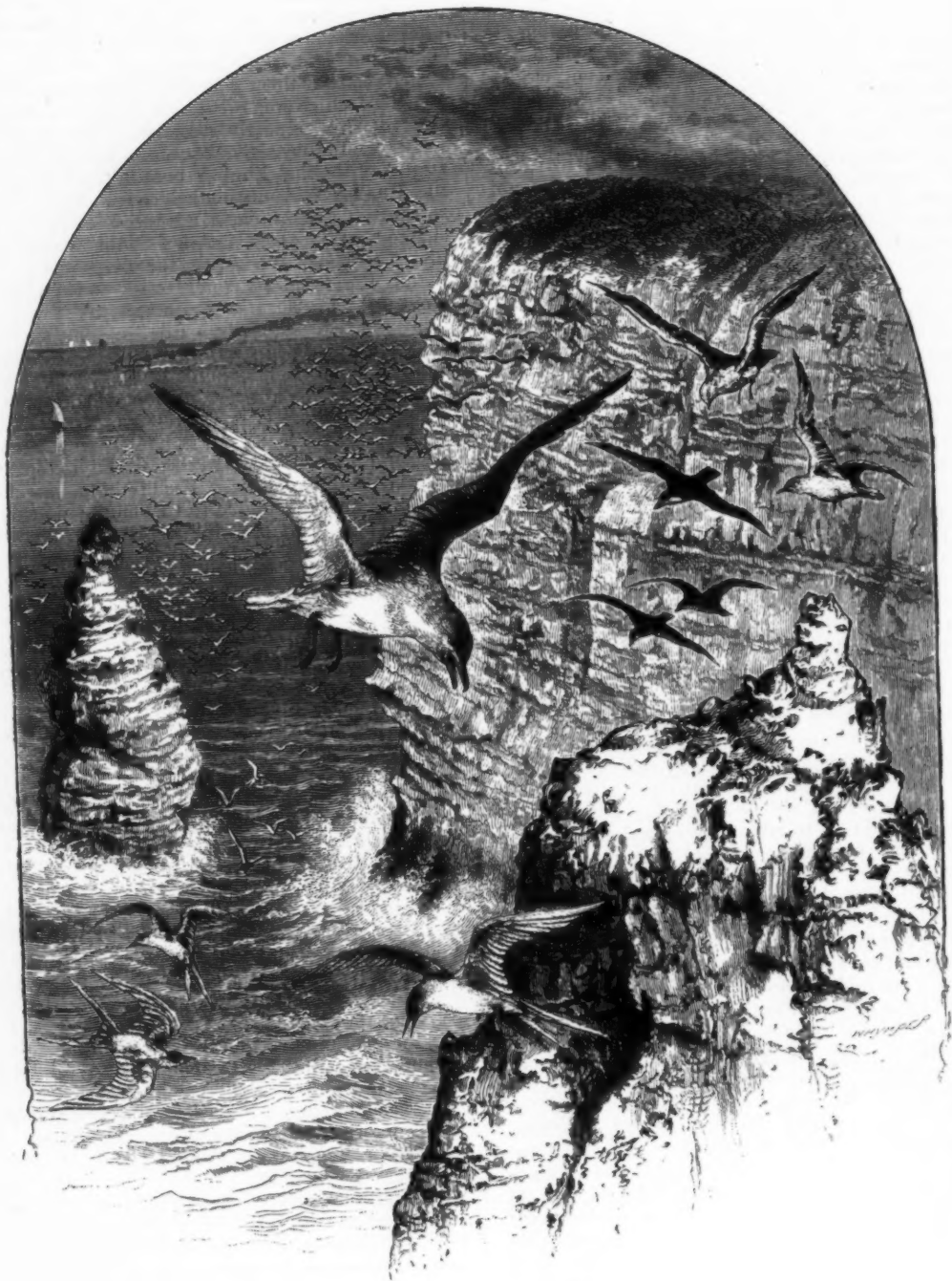
The results of this were soon seen in the appointment by the Pope of Theodore, a monk of Tarsus, as Archbishop of Canterbury, and Theodore organised the English Church in a way that gave additional unity to the English nation. The ancient dioceses of England were such as he planned. The greatness of Northumberland was testified by the fact that York was made the ecclesiastical capital of the second province. Canterbury, the seat of Augustine, remained the head of the southern province, and to the province of York was assigned the north of the island. It is true that the sees in the province of York are not so numerous as those in the province of Canterbury. But in the days of Archbishop Theodore the independent existence of Scotland was not reckoned probable. The scheme was that the northern bishops should all be suffragans of the province of York. Not till the defeat of the Northumbrian king Egfrith at Nechtansmere near Fife in 685 did the Northumbrian advance northwards receive a decisive check.

From this time the chances of the supremacy of Northumberland were at an end. But Northumberland was the centre of the learning and the religious zeal of England. Monasteries, after the fashion of that which the monks of Iona had founded at Lindisfarne, spread over the land. Chief amongst them was that of Streoneshalh (or Whitby), which was ruled over by Hild, a descendant of the great King Edwin. There on the lonely cliff above the sea were heard the first strains of the first English poet in the land which the English had made their own. One of the servants, Cædmon, now advanced in years, felt shame that he could not sing at the feasts when his turn came, and when the harp was passed round the table he would rise and go away. One night he went to the stable, as it was his turn to take care of the cattle. As he slept he saw One who bade him sing. "I cannot sing," he said, "and therefore am I here." "Yet sing of Me," was the answer. "What shall I sing?" asked Cædmon. "Sing," replied He, "of the beginning of created things." Then Cædmon sang in his sleep, and when he awoke he repeated the verses he had made. The brethren marvelled, and read and expounded to Cædmon a portion of Holy Writ. Next morning he brought them his verses, and the first of English singers went on his way, singing lovingly and sweetly of God's ways with men.

Moreover York grew into a great centre of ecclesiastical life and learning. Paulinus induced King Edwin to begin the building of a stone church, which was finished by Bishop Wilfrid, famous for his architectural zeal. Under Archbishop Egbert (735-766) the school of York was famous throughout Europe, and sent forth Alcuin, who was the great scholar at the court of the Emperor Charles the Great. The library of York was one of the best in Europe. Though Northumberland had lost its political supremacy over England, it was the centre of English civilisation.

The advance of Northumberland had been too rapid, and was followed by a period of decay. Political discord and anarchy wasted its strength. Archbishop Egbert was driven by increasing disorder to abandon his school, and ended his days in the retirement of a monastery. The greatness of the Northumbrian kingdom came to an end, and in 829 Northumberland submitted to the over-lordship of Egbert, King of Wessex.

It was not long before England was plunged into confusion by the coming of the Danes. In 867 they conquered Northumberland and settled at York. Before their advance the traces of previous civilisation were swept away. Monasteries, churches, and libraries all disappeared. The house of Hild at Streoneshalh was so completely ruined that when its neighbourhood was occupied by the conquerors they gave it their own name of Whitby. Deira was the chief seat of the Danes and York was their capital. For the third time York seemed likely to become the chief town in England. But the West Saxon kings fought bravely against the invaders, and by their constancy secured to Wessex the rule over England,



FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

which the fight against the Danes united more firmly than it had been united before.

It was during the period of the Danish rule that Yorkshire assumed its definite form. The Danes settled in Deira; they left Bernicia tributary under its own rulers. The district in which the Danish conquerors mainly dwelt was marked off distinctly from the rest of the Northumbrian kingdom. The terminations, *by*, *thwaite*, and *dale* serve to distinguish the Danish settlements from the *hams* and *tons* of the English. A glance at the map shows us that the Danes clustered thickest in the district of Cleveland, where they had easy access to the sea, while the vale of York attracted those who had a turn for agricultural pursuits. Now for the first time were old local differences recognised and made the basis of local administration. The division into three *Trithings* or *Ridings*, though already marked out, was the work of the Danes, and these Ridings all converged in York as the centre of government.

The Danes, however, did not become the rulers of England, but slowly fell back before the arms of the West Saxon kings. In 926 Ethelstan, King of Wessex, was recognised as King of Northumberland; but this extension of the royal power was premature, and Ethelstan found it better to give the northern kingdom a separate but dependent ruler. There were constant rebellions and constant warfare till in 954 the kingdom of Northumberland was reduced to an earldom, and was ruled by an English earl appointed by the West Saxon king. Northumberland still stood apart from the rest of England. The mixture of Danish blood seems to have increased the lawlessness which had already begun to prevail. The history of the Earls of Northumberland is a chronicle of deeds of treachery, bloodshed, and savagery. Their untamed nature may be seen in the story of the death of Siward, the Danish earl, who had himself clad in full armour and died standing on his feet. "It is a shame," he said, "for a warrior to die like a cow."

After Siward's death in 1055 a step was taken to bring Northumberland closer to the rest of England. Siward's son Waltheof was a boy; the Northumbrian earldom was given to Tostig, brother of Harold, and a West Saxon ruled over a people who still were proud of their independence. Tostig was unpopular, Northumberland rebelled, and Harold was not strong enough to uphold his brother. Tostig, in wrath, left England, and stirred up Harold Hardrada, King of Norway, to espouse his cause. The Norwegian ships sailed up the Humber and captured York. King Harold rapidly gathered troops and marched against the invader, whom he met and routed at Stamford Bridge. Then he hastened southwards to meet a more formidable invader, William of Normandy, before whom Harold fell.

From this great conflict for the English crown the Northumbrians stood aloof. Morcar, the Earl of Northumberland, did not lead the forces of the north to Harold's aid. The men of the north still clung to their old position of independence. It mattered little to them who wore the West Saxon crown. They had long since

ceased to strive for Northumbrian supremacy, but they hoped for a separate Northumbrian kingdom. A change of ruler in the southern kingdom would make their plans easier of execution. But they had reckoned ill, and William I soon showed that he meant to exercise to the full all the rights of the old English kings. The north was sullen, and William, in 1068, marched to York, where he built a castle on the land between the Ouse and the Foss. Next year the north rose in revolt, and William returned in wrath, punished the men of York, and built another castle on the right bank of the river. Scarcely was he gone before the rebellious folk, helped by reinforcements from Denmark, again rose, took York, slew the Norman garrisons, and overthrew the hateful castles. This time William I's answer was terrible. The men of the north could rise in revolt, but they had no power of organisation or sense of discipline. They fled before William's advance; he ordered his castles to be rebuilt at York, and then proceeded to lay waste with fire and sword the land between York and Durham. So thoroughly was this done that Yorkshire was reduced to a wilderness. Great part of its people died from hunger; for years the land was left untilld. Villages and towns alike were laid in ashes; the traces of the old greatness of the land were swept away. Not till the development of modern trade did Yorkshire recover her old position. The vengeance of King William I dealt her a deadly blow.

The restoration of Yorkshire was the work of the Norman barons, of the churchmen and the monks. Chief amongst the barons who have left their traces on the land was Alan of Brittany, who on the height above the rocky bed of the Swale built a castle, to which he gave the name of Richmond. Around it grew a town, which thrived and became important, till it gave its name to a local division known as Richmondshire. In like manner Ilbert de Lacy built his castle near the bank of the Aire, at a spot where William I, on his journey north, had found the bridge broken down, and to which Lacy from that fact gave the name of Pontefract. Another Norman baron, William de Percy, built castles at Topcliffe and Spofforth, but these did not become centres of municipal life.

The churchmen also did what they could. The first Norman archbishop, Thomas of Bayeux, rebuilt the ruined church of York. Monastic life had decayed of itself, and William's ruthless harrying had swept away its traces, save at Beverley, whose sainted founder John is said to have stricken down the leader of the band which came to profane his church. There were, however, signs of the revival of monasticism. A monk of St. Germain's monastery at Auxerre was warned by the saint in a dream to flee away. He came to England, and settled as a hermit at Selby on the Ouse. There he was accidentally seen by the sheriff, who took him under his protection, and a little band of monks gathered round the hermit's cell, till they grew rich enough to build the mighty minster which stands to this day. From the southern monasteries of Evesham and Winchcombe came three brethren anxious to restore



the holy places of which they read in Bede. Their zeal spread from Durham into Yorkshire, and the monasteries of Whitby and St. Mary's, York, again rose into being. Nor was it long before Archbishop Thomas began the restoration of Wilfrid's monastery at Ripon, and established it as a house of Augustinian canons.

away a few who were zealous like himself to seek a simpler and quieter life in a more secluded spot which he chose at Cîteaux, not far from Dijon. There he and his comrades lived an ascetic life, divided between devotion and labouring in the fields. To Cîteaux came a man who in time made his influence felt throughout Europe—Bernard,



YORK MINSTER.

In the next century came from a foreign source the impulse to monasticism which brought back civilisation into the wasted and untilled lands of Yorkshire. But though the impulse came from abroad, its origin was English. Stephen Harding, a native of Sherborne in Dorset, had sought rest from the troubles of a hard and reckless world in the monastery of Molesme in Burgundy. He was, however, dissatisfied with the want of austerity that there prevailed, and led

generally known as St. Bernard of Clairvaux, from the name of the monastery which he founded, and of which he was abbot. Bernard carried on the work which Stephen had begun, and made himself a missionary of the new monastic order, which was called Cistercian from the name of its first monastery. In 1128 Bernard sent some Cistercian monks to England with a letter to Thurstan, Archbishop of York. Thurstan commended the new-comers to Walter Espec,



lord of Helmsley, whose mind had been weaned from the world by a sore misfortune. He lost his only son by a fall from a horse, and in his grief at the loss vowed he would "make Christ heir of part of his lands." Already he had fulfilled his vow by founding in the vale of the Derwent, not far from Malton, the Abbey of Kirkham, which he filled with Augustinian canons. But the greater severity of the Cistercian rule attracted him, and he built a second abbey for the Cistercian monks in the valley of the Rye, not far from Helmsley. From its situation in the Rye valley the monastery was called Rievaulx, and its site was then reckoned one of "terrible solitude and trembling." So much was Walter Espec attracted by the monks of Rievaulx, that when his warrior days were over he withdrew to their monastery, and died there in peace. The rough, rude life of that age had little charm even for those who were foremost in its doings. All finer minds wearied of the restless activity and stern deeds of warfare among which their life was passed. There was no choice between that and the quiet of the monastic cell, to which many looked forward as their one escape.

The example of the monks of Rievaulx was soon fruitful. In 1132 some brethren of the Benedictine monastery of St. Mary's, York, grew discontented with the laxity of life that there prevailed. They complained to Archbishop Thurstan, and he attempted to restore greater order. But the monks of St. Mary's would not hear the archbishop; they rose and threatened the brethren who had drawn upon them his rebuke. With difficulty Thurstan rescued them from violence. He took them with him to Ripon, and bestowed on them a place for retreat in the rough valley of the Skell. Their abbey was called Fountains, from the springs which flowed forth in its neighbourhood. For some time the monks of Fountains fought desperately against poverty and want. One day a traveller, exhausted with hunger, asked for food. The prior, hearing that the store of the house was only two loaves and a half, still ordered one to be given to the stranger, saying, "The Lord will provide." His faith and charity were recompensed, for just afterwards a supply of food

was sent to the monastery by a neighbouring lord. It was not long before the good works of the monks of Fountains were recognised, and they were enabled to begin the building of their beautiful monastery, the plans of which came from St. Bernard's Abbey of Clairvaux.

It were long to tell of the foundation of the many monasteries which were founded in the Yorkshire vales. The waste lands of the West Riding were a fit place for monks to dwell in, and the Norman names of many of the Yorkshire abbeys tell the tale of their foundation. Sawley rose amongst the willows that clad the banks of the Ribble. Jervaulx, in the wild valley of the Ure, corresponded to Rievaulx on the Rye. Kirkstall tells how the monastery church rose in the place of the foresters' stall or lodge in the wild woods that covered the upper valley of the Aire. Roche Abbey rose on a spot where some hermits had settled because they had discovered on the steep face of the limestone rock what seemed to them to be the rude outline of a crucifix. In the barren marshes of Holderness was planted the Abbey of Meaux, so called after the name of the birthplace of the first Norman lord of that land. By the roaring waters of the imprisoned Wharfe rose the Augustinian Priory of Bolton, and at the foot of the Cleveland hills nestled the Priory of Guisborough.

These are but some of the more important of the monastic settlements which spread civilisation through the Yorkshire wilds. Where the sword of the conqueror had brought havoc the labours of the monks restored civilised life. The Cistercians set an example of toiling in the fields; all the monastic orders organised agriculture. The monks settled in remote valleys, cleared the rough ground, and gradually brought the land under cultivation. The monasteries scattered here and there throughout the land opened up communications and afforded ready hospitality to travellers. It is not without reason that Yorkshire is famed for its monastic remains. Even in their ruins they tell of the workers who in an age of warfare upheld the dignity of labour, and set forth by their example the blessings of peace.

## PANORAMAS AND DIORAMAS.

PANORAMAS, such as that now exhibiting at Sydenham, are not merely distempered daubs; they are careful paintings—quite works of art in fact. And as they are really worthy of some attention, a few notes as to their history and mystery may not be unseasonable.

Panoramas are, of course, of many kinds, ranging upwards from the "correct panorama of the Lord Mayor's Show, one penny," which appears with such persistency on each 9th of November that by many it is regarded as an official publication! In these days all big pictures are called panoramas, but the word originally meant a cylindrical picture

painted on the principle which has received its highest development in such landscapes as those of Philippoteaux.

And now what is this panorama? On entering the exhibition room we find ourselves in the centre of a landscape. We are standing seemingly on a hill, and around us in every direction stretches the wide ranging country. Above us is a canopy which prevents our looking too far up into the sky. Below us is a real foreground with bushes and trees, and facing us is what we know is a picture, but which looks so lifelike that we have great difficulty in persuading ourselves the scene is not real.

Nowhere does the illusion fail; nowhere is there the sign of a frame or a join; and it is only when we find that the figures, though all in action, remain motionless, that we recognise how our senses were cheated at first glance.

To understand clearly how the illusion is produced, it is necessary to trace the history of panorama painting. That history is fortunately not a long one. In 1739 Robert Barker was born at Kells, in County Meath, and after some of the usual vicissitudes, found himself at Edinburgh, in 1787, a teacher of drawing and miniature painting, the inventor of a system of mechanical perspective, and the son-in-law of Dr. Aston. Going out one day with his daughter to the Calton Hill, there came on a heavy mist, and Barker put up his umbrella. As he stood on the hill and looked down on the city he thought what an excellent picture it would make, and then, growing ambitious, the thought came to him to make a picture of the country all round him. This seemed easier than it proved. His first idea was that by using a square frame he could sketch the district seen through it, and then moving it round could obtain a series of pictures which, when joined together, would give the complete circle. Next day the sketching began, on the top, however, of Arthur's Seat. His son, Henry Aston Barker, then quite a lad, set to work on the rough sketches, and these, when finished, were joined on a strip of canvas and hung on to a hoop. Great was Barker's dismay when he found that all the straight lines above and below the level of his eye were bent out of shape by the cylindrical hanging, and formed curves of the wildest description. Then began the real difficulty of the panorama, the evolution of a new system of perspective. When a cylinder is cut at any angle to the axis except a right angle, the section is of elliptical form, and more or less arbitrary handy rules had to be invented to suit the new conditions. Barker was equal to the occasion, and thought out a quasi-scientific system, which he immediately patented, the title he gave it being "*La Nature à Coup d'Oeil*," which, in time, was abandoned for that of *панорама*. His original patent still exists. It was No. 1612, and is dated July 3rd, 1787.

Having got his formulæ, he proceeded to construct a panorama of Edinburgh; and he painted it on sheets, curiously enough in the guard-room at Holyrood. It was twenty-five feet in diameter, and was painted in distemper as if it were a scene, and it was first exhibited in the Archers' Hall at Holyrood. The exhibition was successful, but Sir Joshua Reynolds, on hearing of the new landscape painting, stoutly averred it must be impossible, and that he would willingly get out of bed at any time of night to see such a thing.

From Edinburgh the panorama went to Glasgow, and then it came to London to the Haymarket, where Sir Joshua, who then lived in Leicester Square, came over in his slippers before breakfast to look at it. He was astonished, the old forty-five axiom had collapsed, and somehow or other the perspective difficulty had been overcome.

"I find I was in error, sir," said the President

of the Royal Academy, "in supposing your invention could never succeed, for the present exhibition proves it is capable of producing effects and representing nature in a manner far superior to the limited scale of pictures in general."

Could another picture be produced as satisfactorily? That was the question. And to answer it the Barkers, father and son, set to work on a grand view of London as seen from the top of the Albion Mills at the foot of Blackfriars Bridge. "London on Lord Mayor's Day" was the title, and London with the procession, as now figuring on the title of the "*Illustrated News*," soon hung from the hoop.

The result was so promising, that, with the assistance of the then Lord Elcho, Barker took a piece of ground at the corner of Leicester Square, and proceeded to build a special structure for the exhibition of his new paintings. There were three circular rooms on different storeys, the largest being ninety feet in diameter, affording an area of 10,000 square feet. The circular platform measured thirty feet across, so that the spectators were thirty feet from the picture. Before the roof was on the Barkers began their landscape. It was painted carefully in oil—the other two had been in distemper—and the reality of the details proved most startling.

"The King, Queen, and Princesses came to see the pictures before the public was admitted. Lord Harcourt was the Lord-in-Waiting. I exhibited the picture to the Royal party, whose easy affability soon removed the alarm I felt in having to attend upon them. The King asked many questions, and when answered, turned round to Lord Harcourt, to whom he gave the answer verbatim, always beginning with 'He says' so-and-so. His Majesty had a large gold-headed cane which he pointed with, and sometimes put into my hand, making me stoop down in a line with it to be informed of an object so small that I could not otherwise understand him."

Thus wrote Henry Barker. Queen Charlotte reported that the waves were so real it made her sea-sick to look at them; and when the public were admitted a gentleman brought his Newfoundland dog, who, seeing a boat upset and its occupants struggling in the water, leapt over the railing to the rescue! Thanks to the King, or the Queen, or the dog, the panorama became the talk of the town.

Then came a long series of successes and improvements. First had come Edinburgh, in 1788; followed by London in 1792. Spithead soon had to give place to Lord Howe's victory on the famous first of June. The next panorama was one of Bath, followed by one of London, to be promptly laid aside for Lord Bridport's victory. Then came Margate; then Plymouth; then another current subject, Cornwallis's Retreat. Dover filled the circle next, and soon had to make way for the Battle of the Nile. Ramsgate followed in 1800, and then came Constantinople, destined to give place to the Bombardment of Copenhagen. Two quiet subjects followed, Paris and Gibraltar; and then came a grand success, the Battle of Trafalgar. Then came a long run of mere landscapes, Edin-

burgh, Dublin Bay, Weymouth, Cairo, Flushing, Brighton, Malta, Messina, Lisbon, and Malta Harbour. The Peninsular War then began to look more hopeful, and to Malta Harbour, in 1813, succeeded the Siege of Badajos; then came the Battle of Vittoria; and then Elba, when Napoleon's banishment and escape were much exercising the public mind. To Elba succeeded the Battle of Paris; and to that succeeded the most successful of all the panoramas, the Battle of Waterloo. Afterwards there followed in succession St. Petersburg, Algiers, Spitzbergen, Lausanne, Naples, Berne, Corfu, Rome, and Athens; and then, in 1822, came Henry Barker's last, the Coronation of King George IV. The panoramas, being thus kept well up to date, proved very attractive: Waterloo, at a shilling a head, produced a net profit of £10,000, and their painters became quite famous men. Robert Barker died in 1806—he was buried in Lambeth Church; but Henry, who had a hand in them all from the first, took over the proprietorship, and travelled through Europe in search of sketches, which he afterwards rendered into the necessary perspective, and painted on the canvas with great finish and truth. He lived opposite to the great anatomist, John Hunter, and a race in early rising continued between them for some time, the race always being won by the anatomist, for no matter at what time the artist would rise and throw up his window, there was the indefatigable John poring over his preparations.

Barker went to Palermo, where he was met and welcomed by Lord Nelson, who thanked him for "keeping up the fame of the victory of the Nile for at least another twelvemonth longer than the public would have remembered it." With Nelson he dined with the Hamiltons, and he notes that her ladyship's dinner gown was a robe edged and sprinkled with roses. He again met Nelson at Copenhagen. At the Peace of Amiens he went to Paris, and was received by First Consul Bonaparte, and addressed by him as "Citoyen Barker."

The success of the panoramas produced the usual opposition. Robert Ker Porter, a fellow-student of Barker's at the Royal Academy, afterwards Sir Robert, painted some three-quarter-circle pictures, four of them in all, the Storming of Seringapatam, the Siege of Acre, the Battle of Alexandria, and the Battle of Agincourt, which latter he afterwards presented to the Corporation of London.

In 1802, the year that Henry Barker married the daughter of Bounty Bligh, his brother Thomas joined R. R. Reinagle, afterwards R.A., in opening another panorama in the Strand, and it was this which afterwards came into the possession of the Burfords, and joined hands with the original in the corner of Leicester Square.

Burford's paintings were as finished and lifelike as Barker's. The regulation anecdotes appeared in due course regarding them. As the Newfoundland dog helped Barker, so a "royal lady" in 1853, asking for a spray of oleander—the said oleander being a painted one—did a good turn to Burford. Another incident occurred to give the enterprise a lift. Captain Hall brought home a Chinaman in the *Nemesis*, and the Chinaman,

on being taken to the picture of Hong Kong, went almost mad with terror, "supposing he had been transported by a magician to his native land." Burford's adventures, too, in quest of subjects sometimes verged on the exciting. When he was sketching Venice from the belfry of San Carlo he was shut in for the night, and was only released after a great deal of pocket-handkerchief-waving. When he was sketching from the Bernese Alps he was snowed-up for forty-eight hours; and when he was doing Salzburg he had a narrow escape of being arrested.

Up to the present there have been about one hundred and forty panoramas, the later ones being built up in the fashion adopted at Leicester Square, Westminster, and Sydenham. The picture is hung to a hoop, and generally stretched to a hoop below. The foreground slopes from the spectator down to the picture, and the slope is filled in with real bushes, broken artillery waggons, and miscellanea, selected with a due regard to proportionate size. In this way the lower joining of semblance and reality is concealed; and as to the sky, the awning overhead takes care of that. Above the awning is the skylight and other apparatus for lighting up the view. The larger the circle the less the so-called cylindrical perspective comes into play, and the more truthful the picture appears to persons of all heights.

In the more modern panoramas the introduction of figures really spoils the illusion. It was in a great measure to their absence that the most remarkable panorama of modern times owed its success. This was the "London," at the old Colosseum, which has now vanished from the Regent's Park. When St. Paul's was being repaired Mr. Horner had a cabin rigged up on the summit, and from it he sketched the city and its surroundings, his horizon-line being 130 miles in length. The picture when complete covered 40,000 square feet of canvas, and was so hung that neither top nor bottom could be seen, nor was there any accessory so placed as to scale it. "London by Day" was followed by "London by Night"—or rather shown with it; for in the evening the night picture was dropped from the hoop over the day one. The London pictures were afterwards repainted by an inferior hand, and a "Paris by Moonlight" was then added by Danson. To add to the reality of these views, the "hum of the city" could be heard, and street music by day and bell-ringing and clock-striking by night made the whole affair so realistic that people actually caught colds from "going out on to the top of the Colosseum to look over London"!

In the same building there was also exhibited the best of the dioramas—that of the Earthquake of Lisbon. Like panorama, diorama is a word now somewhat loosely applied. We have distempered panoramas that, instead of being cylindrical, are flat, and wound on and off rollers, and we have dioramas that are merely dissolving views. Cycloramas, by the way, are the same as the old panoramas; cosmoramas are mere peep-shows, in which the pictures are looked at through lenses.



The diorama was invented by Daguerre and Bouton, and it was first exhibited in London, where the Baptist chapel now stands in the Regent's Park. In the original arrangement there was a circular room or rotunda, about forty feet in diameter, with two square openings or windows communicating with two rooms. At the farther end of each room, opposite the opening, was a large picture; and the ceiling had windows and lights that could be varied at will. Within the rotunda was a smaller circular room, capable of moving horizontally on its centre, and being nearly equal in diameter to the one in which it revolved, but having only one opening instead of two. The floor of the inner rotunda was occupied by tiers of gradually rising seats for the spectators, and no light could gain admission without passing through the solitary window. Hence the spectators in the inner rotunda could only see the picture when the opening in it coincided with one of the openings in the outer circle, and for the rest of the time remained in darkness. The ceiling, floor, and sides of the picture-room were so arranged as to be quite hidden, and the picture itself being about forty feet from the aperture, and seen through it, looked singularly real. The shutters and windows allowed of different intensities of light being used; and some parts of the picture being made transparent, and light thrown on to it from behind, the effect was heightened until the illusion became quite startling.

It was not long before the revolving-room was discarded, and the two pictures gave place to one, the diorama thus losing the reason of its name. Some of these single pictures, such as the "Overland Route," were great attractions in their day, and even now, under the title of panoramas, scenoramas, stereoramas, and other "rama" combinations, are freely patronised in the provincial districts—as indeed most of them deserve to be, for they are nearly all effectively and ingeniously painted. In the earthquake series at the Colosseum the whole story of the disaster was told by the changing views. First of all there was the city, bright and cheerful in the sunshine; then the clouds thickened and darkness came on; then the storm grew and the river became furious; and then came shock after shock, shaking down the buildings before the eyes of the audience amid a most fearful din of clanging bells and falling buildings.

The sight behind the screen at such an exhibition is, to say the least of it, a laughable surprise. The bells are strips of bar-iron hung on strings; the stones that fall are brick-ends and blocks of

wood. The various effects of thunder and lightning, rain and wind, and snow and noise, are produced by methods that are quite comic in their simplicity. The thunder is due to a sheet of iron, hung up on end to the ceiling and shaken vigorously in one corner; or it may arise from half a dozen cannon-balls rolled down a wooden trough, across whose bottom ridges have been nailed so as to make it resemble a gangway to a steamboat-pier; or it may be caused by an ingenious arrangement in which a skin, some four feet square, is stretched on a frame and surrounded by a net, while seven or eight wooden cricket-balls rumble on the skin as it is vigorously or gently pounded by the thunderer. The lightning is either a spark from an electric battery or a small quantity of lycopodium sprinkled on an old tea-tray and lighted with a match. The rain-patterings come from a wooden box four feet or more in length and eight inches wide, whose interior is stuck all over with wooden skewers, and contains a pint or so of peas. As the box is raised or lowered or shaken the peas patter up, and the "cry of the rain" can be imitated to a nicety in all its stages, from the whispering shower to the roaring storm. The wind comes from a waterwheel-looking affair, worked like a grindstone, whose paddles, instead of striking the stream, stroke past a piece of stoutish silk. The snow is either cotton-wool, placed on the picture in clumps or showered from above in front of it, or else tiny pieces of torn white paper, allowed to settle slowly down from the snows overhead. The "crashes," when they represent breaking timbers, come from machines on the principle of a policeman's rattle, standing about five feet high, and worked by a wheel and handle; when they represent breaking glass they are caused by a hamper of broken bottles, carefully covered with sacking; when they represent breaking crockery they are caused by a basket half-full of fragmentary flower-pots and tea-ware. The uproar of the earthquake is caused by all the apparatus together being worked as if the men were distraught, the crockery-basket being thrown backwards and forwards, the glass-hamper being pitched about, the wood-crasher worked at high pressure, the wind machine spun round, the rain-box whirled over and over, and the cannon-balls bowled hither and thither in a style that alarms a spectator behind as much to see as it does a spectator in front to hear, and the relief is as great to both when the tumult dies away, the dark shade is withdrawn, and the sun rises over the silent ruined city.





## SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN A QUIET SPOT.

I.—MARSHLANDS.

SOME half-dozen years ago ill health and limited means, which did not admit of the frequent change of air and country lodgings desirable to the dwellers in a large city, caused us to seek for an abode where we might breathe a pure atmosphere, enjoy country sights and sounds, and yet live within feasible distance of the business which brought us bread.

Such a place it was our good fortune to discover in Marshlands-by-the-Sea, some fourteen miles distant from the populous northern city in which our lot was cast.

Marshlands is a small township of scattered population, situated in an enormous basin of perfectly level ground, formerly covered with forests of oak, diversified by huge lakes. The forests have disappeared, their only traces being now the roots which are still dug out from the ground, and used for firewood in the farmhouses. The lakes also have given place to swampy ground, divided into marshy fields by dykes, and where wild fowl of various sorts abound. Herons and wild swans are said to have frequented the place at no distant period of time; wild ducks, plovers, curlews, widgeons, and teal still abound, and the whole vault of heaven resounds with the songs of the larks in the pleasant fresh spring sunshine.

Marshlands is still a market town, and markets used to be held around the old stone cross which stands where four roads meet, but the rapid growth of the neighbouring city has caused the farmers to find a better demand for their goods and higher prices there, and the cross is deserted.

Marshlands was once also a fishing village, but the sea has retreated step by step, throwing up a wide ridge of sandhills as it went, and yet still gradually abandoning the land, till there is, at low tide, a desolate waste of sand, stretching away for miles and miles, undiversified save by a wooden day mark, erected for the guidance of ships at sea seeking a safe channel among hidden sandbanks through which to reach the mouth of the busy river near at hand. How many a goodly vessel has failed to find such a channel in stormy weather and on dark nights is sadly shown by the long lines of wreckage which frequently mark the high-water level in winter time.

Within the ridge of sandhills, between them and the cultivated land, is a district called "The Slacks," where rain water collects in large pools, and affords excellent skating in severe frosts. These slacks, as well as the sandhills, have been planted with a sort of scrub and reed-like coarse grass, which serve to bind the light soil somewhat together. Mosses and many Alpine and other flowers which delight in marshy habitats, flourish here, and rabbits abound.

Good skating is not confined to these slacks, for inland "The Moss," as it is called, is com-

posed of meadows which are flooded in the winter time, and where a man may skate for many miles "on end," to use a local term.

The owners of this wide district are chiefly the Marshlands of Marshland, who are said by the villagers to have come in with the soil, and the present head of the family is also clergyman of the place. Conservative to the backbone, deep and true in his attachments in proportion to the narrowness of their area, Mr. Marshlands regrets nothing so much as the rapid march of the nineteenth century, and would fain keep his people in the primitive state of innocence which, in his opinion, can only be fostered by seclusion from the world, and dependence of the poor upon a feudal lord. Railroads, newspapers, dissent, Liberalism, are all equally abhorrent to his soul.

"We did very well without all these things when I was a boy," quoth he.

Wealthy, but simple and frugal to abstemiousness in his own tastes and habits, he is yet liberality itself to the poor. He lives, year in and year out, in his own parish, on his own ground, among his own family, knowing each one of his own tenants individually, their wants, their ways, their virtues, their failings, their forbears, and the children who will succeed to them.

To such a man the jerry builder is a bitter trial. He has secured a field here and an outlying bit of land there, in the very heart of Mr. Marshlands' meadows, and a villa has sprung up here, a family hotel there; on this side a row of semi- or wholly-detached cottages, on that a perfect nest of red-brick tenements for labourers, with small shops. "New people" have arrived to dwell in these places—dreadful new people, who want the roads improved, agitate for gas and water works, spoil the simplicity of the cottagers, raise the prices, and criticise his sermons.

Such people are Anathema Maranatha to him, but of what use is it for him to throw obstacles in their way, to refuse to sell an inch of ground to them, to ignore their existence, to cry "Oh! dear, dear!" over past solitude and times that have fled for ever? "Still they come, still they come, faster and faster," and poor Mr. Marshlands must make the best of them.

In theory he detests them, in practice he is their best friend. Who gives his own land wherewith to enlarge the churchyard, to furnish the parish with a cricket-field, to provide a lawn-tennis ground for the public?—Mr. Marshlands. Whose woods furnish willow hedges for these new gardens and enclosures?—Mr. Marshlands. Who enlarges the church accommodation for the convenience of these same carping new people?—Mr. Marshlands. Who is applied to when there is any sad case of sickness, sorrow, or poverty? Whose purse is ever open, whose counsel ever kindly and wisely given, whose sympathy ever

ready? Again, again, and again, those of Mr. Marshlands. Little reck's this fine old Christian who the man may be if he has a want of any kind which he can supply.

In Marshlands-by-the-Sea we discover a half-built cottage, with a small garden in front, and long narrow strip of land at the back, which comes within our means. We purchase it on leasehold for ninety-nine years, and expend our small capital on its completion to suit our ideas of comfort.

The capital does not stretch to the power of placing the gardens in the hands of a nurseryman, and having them planted with choice trees and shrubs all at once. We are obliged to economise over them, and accumulate treasures by degrees. The first purchase we think of making is that of red and black currant bushes; and hearing of a farmer who has some very fine sorts, we start, on a lovely July afternoon, to find the place and negotiate the business.

On the way we call on the chimney-sweeper, who has undertaken to make some alteration in the setting of the kitchen-grate, and has failed to put in his appearance according to his engagement. We find him lounging against a gate not far from his own cottage, and reproach him for not attending to our work.

"Ah, master, I know. I'll come. I didn't forget you, but we was burying the little 'un. I'll mind and come."

So matter-of-fact is his tone that we hardly think we understand him aright.

"Do you mean that one of your children is dead?" we ask.

"Ah! all on 'em!" is the cool reply. "We've had five, and they're all gone. It's the missis; she's but a poor nesh sort of body. She's not much use, she's not; always bad. But she's a good little woman after all's said. I'd be loth to lose her."

The air with which this is said is unsurpassable. It is plain that the man did not expect to be believed, but was, nevertheless, stating a fact. We go in to see the poor woman, and our first thought is that the babes and sucklings have indeed shown wisdom in betaking themselves to a better land.

The uneven mud walls, bulging out here, cavernous there, are green and black in patches from the damp, and the rotten thatch shows daylight through in places. There is a scrap of flagstone or two in the floor, scrupulously whitened, but the chief part is of hard-trodden earth. The window does not open, and a few boards, white-washed over, are erected at the doorway to keep the draught from entering. There is a tolerably good fire, but very little furniture, and this one room, with a tiny lean-to beyond, comprises the whole abode.

The woman, a poor sickly creature, is seated, wrapped in an old shawl, by the fire, looking depressed and helpless. She apologises in a feeble way for her appearance, which certainly is neglected.

She would have had on a clean apron had she known visitors were coming in, she said, and she began fumbling about for a tidier one.

But we beg her not to trouble herself, and, after a few words of friendly sympathy, pursue our way.

Through some posts, erected so close together that they remind us of the straight and narrow way, we enter upon a field path, where oats are standing, half ripe, erect in the summer air, scarcely waved by the gentle breeze. Only shades of soft grey and green change and sweep over them, as their graceful heads are swayed to this side or that. An undertone of delicate rose colour is seen through the tall stems, so thickly does the pink and white persicaria grow and bloom nearer the ground.

This field is divided from the next by a "cop"—that is to say, an earthen bank some three or four feet high, built of grass sods piled one on the other, and planted with willows at the top. On each side runs a wet ditch, in which meadow-sweet and forget-me-nots abound, and where grows the tall purple-flowering reed which will soon feather the whole bank. The white campion stars the shady nooks, the pink-and-white bindweed trails over the sandy ground; where more open spaces are warm and dry in the sun, vetches, buttercups, ragwort, and hawkbit, help to make "rare broidery" of many colours over the whole.

Cows feed on the coarse weedy grass of this field, and, being of adventurous dispositions, which the nature of the "cops" does not sufficiently check, are hobbled, one fore hoof being chained to a hind one, to prevent them from straying. They raise meek heads and gaze at us as we pass, but their interest in us is small, so they return to their own affairs.

Out, through another straight and narrow way into a sandy lane, widely bordered with grass on either hand, where the rushes, forget-me-nots, and water-weeds grow so rank that the boundary between dry ground and wet is not easy to distinguish, and it is wise to turn a blind eye to their fascination, or the pursuit of them may beguile you into ditches knee-deep.

Deep are the cart-ruts in this lane also, and there are the carts which plough them up, harmless enough, turned idly back on their hind wheels in a stack yard, with their shafts in the air, but there is no sign of humanity to be seen.

The farmhouse, thatched and whitewashed, stands sideways to the lane, the rick yard behind it, a long garden in front of it. Tall trees overhang it, making a cool shade and a pleasant rustling this hot July afternoon. We open the gate and walk to the front door, passing the long low lattice window of the house-place, through which we see the kitchen-fire glowing red. The door stands wide open, displaying a flagged stone passage; but all is silent save the ticking of the clock, plainly to be heard in the stillness of all around.

We knock and knock again, but silence and solitude reign over all. A black-and-tan terrier appears on the scene, sleepily stretching himself, first with his fore legs, then with his hind ones. He comes up to us, sniffs inquiringly, and, being assured of our respectability, lies down in the sun on the garden path and yawns. The clock ticks

slowly and regularly on. A corn-crake utters its grating cry somewhere near, and birds chirp.

We gaze upon the long garden stretching before us, a sundial in the middle. Great bushes of white roses flaunt above orange lilies; cabbage and moss roses, and the old-fashioned York and Lancaster, bloom among them, and the golden-yellow musk carpets the ground. A great bee, with pollen-laden thighs, comes booming and buzzing along, and buries himself in the trumpet of a honeysuckle growing against the house. Its busy humming seems to deepen the silence of the place, and "a sense of mystery the spirit daunteth."

This dream-like sense is presently brought to its height by our observing a huge bush of red currants, laden with crimson tassels of fruit, slowly advancing towards us along the alleys of the flower-garden, above the heads of the rose-bushes. Have we entered the grounds of an enchanter? Is it another case of Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane? This place must verily and in truth be haunted.

But by no evil or terror-laden apparition, for the terrier's tail begins to wag amicably, his ears prick up; the rose-bushes stand less closely together, and in the more open space around the sundial we perceive, at the base of the currant-bush, a little old woman, in linsey petticoat and lilac cotton bedgown, as trim and tidy as possible, tripping sedately towards us.

"My daughter told me there were folks here," she said. "We are all picking currants for market; would you like to come and see?"

We would like, and follow her, she explaining as we went, that "My son"—her husband had long been dead—"My son" was very proud of the size and beauty of his currants—"set great store by them," was her expression; and, whenever a bush yielded small or inferior fruit, he would have it pulled up by the roots, and room left for a better one.

Such currants as these were! Half an acre of bushes laden with huge bunches of crimson drops fringing every bough. Four or five women, with buckets beside them, were gathering into quart measures, and so filling the larger vessels. The men would give them a helping hand by-and-by when they came in from the field—neighbours, visitors, and friends all helped in their turn. The work would last for a month; for, after the red currants would come the black ones, and the raspberries.—The gooseberries were chiefly sold green, so did not add greatly to the labour.

We were taken into the kitchen, where upon the cool, white flagged floor lay cloths and papers, each holding a dozen quarts, duly measured. Four-and-twenty lay there then—how many more were to come she could not say, but they were "only beginning" then.

We did not stay long, fearing to be a hindrance; and as we strolled home, the sun lower and a cooler breeze blowing on our faces from the sea, we thought of those hot, flushed, weary women, with their cotton sun-bonnets tilted over their eyes, picking on and on; and we blessed our good fortune in that our lots lay in another direction.

## II.—FORESHORE.

It is a lovely August morning, and we do not see how we can employ it better than by a stroll upon the sea beach.

We feel a strong desire to gather for ourselves some of the delicate flowers which appear to flourish among the slacks, and with which we are not familiar. So, armed with a basket now containing luncheon, but destined to be laden with floral treasures on our return, we set forth.

Along a field pathway, where cresses abound in the watercourses that run lazily beside the hedges, we cross the railway, and find ourselves in a marshy field, where the track leads us by a pretty little cottage, thatched, whitewashed, and surrounded by a ditch or moat, fringed with pollard willows. White ducks dabble here, guinea-fowls scream, and rabbits scud away at our approach, for the sand-hills upon which we are about to emerge are a vast warren, plentifully stocked with game of various sorts.

A keeper resides in this cottage, but we see no signs of him or his, and pursue our way over marshy ground, where reeds and rushes flourish, and where the edges of the many pools are gorgeous with green and russet moss.

This gives place gradually to open hills of loose pale yellow sand, over which we plough our way heavily, making but slow progress.

In some places efforts have been made to bind this sand together by planting a sort of star grass in it, which is cut later in the year and woven into dinner-mats and other articles, sold in a neighbouring watering-place.

This ceases after a while, and the hills of wind-swept sand rise solitary on every side, possessed by a loneliness which is almost grand. The hollows between them are pools and lakes of water, reflecting the blue sky and floating clouds, and connected, one with another, in an endless chain. One of the largest is crossed by a kind of dyke, formed of sods and sand, bound together with willow basket-work on either side. It is some three or four feet above the water, and just wide enough for one person to walk upon, but comes to an end ere the opposite margin of the pool is reached, and we cannot divine the object of its construction.

From the summit of one lofty sand-hill, up which we have wearily toiled, the sea bursts upon our sight—broad, grey, boundless, stretching in an unbroken line from side to side of the horizon, as far as the eye can reach. It is not the ocean in its grandeur of foaming, dashing waves, raging against granite cliffs, and within gloomy fern-hung caverns; no, the coast is too flat and level for that. It is the sullen sea, creeping up over the shore, surely and slowly, moaning sometimes, roaring sometimes, but never passionate, never merry, never playful.

It is the sea of trouble, sorrowful and sad, but none the less deadly for its quietness.

Lonely plains of sand reach at our feet, on either hand, for miles away, bestrewn with wreckage, which tells its mournful tale, and unbroken



save by a black skeleton of a day-mark which rears its ghastly head near at hand. Unheeding of the warnings thus given "beneath our feet and o'er our heads," steamers and stately ships sail by, far away, and disappear in the horizon, bearing costly freights of goods and lives to foreign lands, and bringing home valuable merchandise to enrich the busy traders of the city near.

We feel such a sense of desolation and loneliness oppressing us, that, as a sea-bird utters its discordant scream suddenly above us, we shiver with nervous superstition, and rise, hoping to efface the impression by movement.

Down upon the shell-strewn beach we pace, still finding food for imagination to work upon, as we foot the mark of high-tide, and observe the wastry cast up by those treacherous waves.

Among long lines of black bladder-wrack lie cockle-shells, whelks, mussels, razor-shells, little pink and yellow bivalves, spiral "ram's-horns" (strung in the neighbourhood alternately with striped snail shells, into necklaces in which children delight), the black leathery empty egg of the skate, and the sponge-like cluster of the whelk eggs; the sand-coloured spiny egg of the sea-urchin, the "paper-shell" of the rock-boring pholas, and the empty tubes of sabella and terebella.

Here is the huge spined shell of the horned cockle, and there a starfish or the quaking rich-hued mass of a jelly-fish. Once we find a sea mouse, with its lovely iridescent hair, and everywhere little crabs, alive or dead.

These things are common objects enough, which we may naturally expect to meet with in their own localities; they are interesting, but not surprising. But where on the coast of England, or in these latitudes at all, grew the palm-trees which bore these cocoanut husks? the flags from which this matting was woven, the canes which form this fragment of a basket? Who, on this lonely coast, used the corks, large and small, the wooden bungs of barrels, the plugs, bolts, and pieces of timber bored with circular holes, in which fragments of rusty iron yet hang, holding nothing together? Here is a heap of bark that encased no English tree, there a nut which must have been plucked in some spicy foreign forest.

Here is a solitary man's boot, soaked and soiled in sea water, spoiled, but not by wear; and there—Ah me! the battered remains of two dolls, drowned out of almost all semblance of doll life, but which must once have been clasped lovingly in childish round arms, hushed to mimic sleep in childish soft bosoms, kissed by childish warm red lips. Where are the clinging fingers, the loving hearts, the pretty baby faces now?

We shudder and stoop to search among the sea wrack no more.

We stand and gaze out seawards. The sun sparkles on the heaving waters, and long lines of translucent light lie on the cool grey expanse.

We glance backwards. The wide wet sands seem to steam in the heat of the rays which fall scorchingly upon them. What do we see in the distance? The pier of the watering-place eight miles off? Surely it is so, yet we did not know

that it lay in that direction. Yet we are well acquainted with it, and can hardly be mistaken.

There is the circular end of it, where the band plays, and gay crowds assemble. There is the pay-gate, the engine-house situated half way along its length, the little train of carriages is actually moving along now, and we watch its progress from end to end. This is curious, but seeing is believing.

A sign of human life at last, the sound of a merry whistle; and, from a path leading down from among the sand-hills, comes the figure of a young fellow, stalwart, handsome, gay, black-bearded, full of lusty life. High sea-boots reach midway up his legs, a willow creel hangs to his shoulders, a shrimping-net is carried on his back. A picturesque object, and a welcome one. He is going our way, and joins company, sociably enough.

Harry Scarisbrick is his name, he is a Marshlands man. No, not a fisherman or shrimper regularly, but comes sometimes to catch a few when there is nothing else doing; is one of the lifeboat crew, though. The lifeboat is kept over yonder, a couple of miles farther on. Had we never been down to see the crew put through their facings? Oh, we should, then, some day. It was a grand sight! The lifeboat goes out, for practice like, the first Wednesday in every month; many of the gentry came to see it. That the neighbouring watering-place? There? A smile of amused superiority. No; this is Marshlands Spit on which we are walking. The spit runs out into the sea, and the town lies on the other side of it, round the corner, as it were, where we cannot see it. Ay, it did look natural enough to-day, but for all that it was not really there; it was a reflection of it, if we understood, that came sometimes of a hot day when the sands were wet; he believed folks had some sort of proper name for it. A mirage? Ay, likely, likely.

Were there many wrecks here? Ah! at times, a goodly few. Five lay on the shore at once last winter in a reach of ten miles, besides the big American steamer that was run into off thereabouts. Not many lives lost then; were sometimes. Sometimes the bodies were washed up; sometimes got drawn out to deep sea and were never seen again; sometimes were washed up at other places—the Isle of Man even.

Sometimes bodies were washed up, and nobody knew where they came from. One was picked up not so long ago, stark naked, nothing to say who he had been, had been knocking about in the water for three weeks he should say, not a pretty sight by no means. It was late on a Saturday night, and the coroner could not be got before Monday, and there was no place to put it. They would not take it in at the public-house, nor even let it lie in the cartshed all Sunday, it was enough to breed a fever; so there are two new houses close by, nobody lived in either, nor ever had, and they just lifted the window of one, and shunted it in on the floor. But, as ill luck would have it, the owner of the houses lived in the city, and had let that very one that week; and, early on Monday morning, the lady what had took it, came



to measure the rooms for carpets, and let herself in with the front-door key before any one knew what was up. Such a to-do as there was! and he did not know what was the end of it or whether there was an end to it.

There was a splendid thing done here one winter's night some years ago. Had I ever heard about how the crew of the Stormy Petrel was saved? Ah! that was grand! Did I happen to know the "ould doctor," him as was doctor here for so many years? He *was* a man, he was—stood six feet three and a half in his stocking feet, and big in proportion! Such a one he was for wrestling and all manner of games that want strength! It was many a year ago now that the Petrel ran ashore in a fog and a tremendous storm, one December morning about six o'clock, afore it was light. "It was over there, yonder, as it might be, the sea ran mountains high, and nobody could get near to render assistance, though signals of distress were plainly seen from shore. Some of the men were washed overboard about seven and drowned, though good swimmers, and so near land. The others tried to launch the punt, but it got entangled with its painter, and upset. The main boom got unshipped, and thrown across the decks, and while the men were trying to clear them, a great wave overwhelmed them, carried away the skylights, and filled the cabin. The jib and foresail were blown to ribbons, and the men too exhausted to work the pumps, so the vessel struck, and the rest of the crew took to the rigging, which was their last hope, and they were quite done up. It was between eight and nine then, and they were so near land that folks could see the sailors quite plainly, and the sailors see them. One of them, as kept his senses all through, said, at after, how hard it seemed to them to see crowds skipping and jumping about as if they'd come to look on at a parcel of poor wretches drowning for a fine show, and doing naught to help them. But it was not that, but no craft they'd got could put off in such a sea, and in the teeth of such a wind. We hadn't such a good lifeboat then, nor such ways for managing one. The lifeboat house was nigh upon two miles off, and the water was up all round it, so that nobody could get near it, and when they could, it was hard to get horses to draw it along the shore to the best point for launching her. No one remembered ever seeing such a storm either, and didn't know what to do for the best.

"It was about half flood and half ebb in another hour, and two brothers started from the wreck to swim for land, with another man. They were strong fellows, and managed to reach shore. The first to get on his feet was one brother, and he ran up to two men, and begged them for the love of Almighty God to fetch help for his shipmates, who were too far gone to do as he had done. When he heard that nowt was possible, he just flung hisself down on the sands and cried like a babby to think on it. But then he bethought hisself of his brother, and took to running back to the water after him, but a man had run out into it already, and met him carrying his brother up in

his arms, all but dead. The third man was saved too, but none of the rest on board dared try, they were too much spent; and there they hung in the rigging, beaten about by sea and wind and wreckage, stiffening with cold, and dying in sight of all, till half-past twelve or thereabouts. Two lost hold and fell into the sea, and no mortal eye ever saw them again; and one went mad, and jumped in of his own accord; and the time went on and on till it was nigh upon two.

"By that time the lifeboat had been got at, and horses fetched; but when it was put to sea it grounded at first go off, and help was as far off as ever. Then our ould doctor called out, in his rough way, 'You blockheads! why does never a fool among ye swim out to them with a line?'

"Some on 'em laughed, mocking like; and some said where was the good of drowning a man's self to save them as was drowned dead a'ready; and so they put the doctor's back up, and he vowed he would shame them all, and find out was they dead or was they living afore another hour was fooled away by a pack of idiots and jackasses! 'Fetch me a bottle of rum!' says he. At that all laughed, for folks said the doctor liked a drop of what was good at times, and there was no rum nearer than the village, two miles off, nor aught else. Nobody thought he was in earnest, so no one would go to fetch any, till he gived sixpence to a lad to run for it, and meanwhile began to make ready.

"When the rum came, and he stripped off his clothes, and tied the bottle round his neck, they began to believe he meant what he said, and his son come running up and throwed hisself on his father, and begged and prayed him not to fling his life away a' that road, for the sake of them all, for love of his mother and the little'uns. Everybody said all they could think of; but 'twas no manner of use, he tied a fisherman's light line round his body, and gived ould Barton his orders, and made a dash through the shoal water, and struck out swimming.

"The tide was running out, but the breakers was as heavy as ever, and all watched him, coming up sometimes to the top of them, and then sinking down out of sight behind the waves. Now he'd not be seen for so long they'd think he was gone, and then there he was once more; and old Barton stood, paying out the line, without never a word, good, bad, or indifferent. Then he got upon the sand-bank, where the lifeboat had grounded, and had not been got off again quite, and he stood up and took a minute's breathing time, and wrung the water out of his hair.

"Then, to hearten up the poor wretches, he held up the bottle, and shouted to them to never say 'die,' he was bringing them what would put fresh life into them; but the wind blew his words away, and only one man among the crew was conscious; and he thought that either the doctor was for mocking at him, or that he meant to throw them the bottle; and he tried to make signs that they were too feeble to catch it if he heaved it at 'em, they was so near frozen stiff.

"Then the doctor set hisself to swim again, and

reached the wreck. He climbed up and made his line fast, and drew the cork of the rum-bottle with his teeth. He went to give some first to the one who was most alive, but he waved it off. 'I can wait,' says he; 'give it here first.' There was but he who could give any help at all, and a pretty job it were to get the men down from the rigging, even when the lifeboat came, by help of the rope as they pulled over. Little difference could they tell atwixt them as was dead and them as was alive, but they got 'em all down, one way or another, and brought them safe to land. They could none of them stand; and the doctor carried more than one on 'em up to the village on his back, and bestowed 'em here and there in the cottages, and tended 'em all right well till they

recovered. It was a fortnight before some among them could leave their beds, they were so bad, but the doctor made a cure of them all, and had the Gold Medal from the Humane Society for that day's work, and richly deserved it too. There's not a man in Marshlands will ever forget that."

We are here obliged to part with our new friend, for our roads diverge.

He tramps down over the wet sands, whistling gaily again, and we turn up a narrow track leading inland. We find wealth of grass parnassus, pink centaury, of grey tufts of wild mint, and delicate blue harebells, but shall never again gather admiringly their fragile beauty without hearing at the same time the sad, distant moan of the sea.

## FEATS OF MODERN ENGINEERING.

THE present year has made—or will have made before its close—more than one addition to the many monuments of power and daring which our great engineers had already created for themselves in this small island home of ours. Their power and their daring become greater as the practical experience of generations accumulates and science expands their resources, and so accustomed have we of late years become to gigantic schemes, that we now receive with comparative indifference achievements which a generation or two ago would have filled us with amazement.

A most impressive illustration of what modern engineering skill and audacity may achieve is afforded in the Severn Tunnel just completed. This stupendous burrow of four miles and a third under what is virtually an arm of the sea, has been accomplished in little more than half the time which, forty or fifty years ago, was taken to construct a tunnel of thirteen hundred feet under the bed of the Thames.

This work is certainly the greatest of the kind hitherto achieved in this kingdom—or indeed, we believe, in any part of the world. The object of it will be apparent to any one who will for a moment examine a map of the Great Western Railway, which, in order to get down into South Wales, has to make a detour by way of Gloucester. The desirability of a straight course over to the mineral districts and populous towns of South Wales could hardly have failed to suggest itself to the daring enterprise of Brunel, the engineer to the line when it was opened to Bristol in 1841, but Brunel at that time still had upon his hands that Thames Tunnel into which the river had broken three times, and any such scheme as that just completed would probably have appeared somewhat Quixotic even to him. The tunnel actually under the Thames was but 860 feet in length; this one actually under the Severn is about two

miles and a quarter, or somewhere about 118,000 feet.

The new line leading down to the tunnel curves out of the existing South Wales Union Railway at a point between Patchway and Pilning. It burrows down beneath a line of black rocks, which at low water may be seen stretching pretty nearly all across the estuary, and it comes up again on the other side at Caldicot Castle, where it joins the South Wales line. The actual tunnel is a great tube of solid brickwork four miles and a third long, and twenty-six feet in internal diameter. It has a double line of rails, and it dips down some eighty to a hundred feet below the bed of the Severn, except at one point, where the river-bottom, for a quarter of a mile or so, drops to within forty-five feet of the tunnel.

The first sod of this new undertaking was cut in March, 1873, so that it has taken altogether about thirteen years. The actual tunnel-working might have been done in much shorter time, but the water encountered in the course of the work proved a very formidable obstacle to progress. Curiously enough the chief difficulty was not with the tremendous body of salt water overhead—though that at one point gave some little trouble—but with spring water bursting in from the earth and rocks. This was especially the case on the Monmouthshire end of the tunnel, where at one time there was an influx of spring water calculated to amount to 6,000 gallons a minute, and the work was of necessity suspended till gigantic pumps had been erected capable of sucking this flood out of the tunnel and keeping it in check till a massive well could be built to dam back the subterranean stream. In addition to this one overwhelming spring there were a good many minor irruptions, and at one time they had pumps capable of throwing out into the Severn 50,000 gallons of water a minute.

This pumping machinery in itself presented

quite an interesting sight. Another incidental of the main undertaking was a great brick-making establishment for manufacturing the many millions of bricks, or a considerable part of them, required for the tunnel. Crushing mills, drying sheds, and kilns were erected, and 150,000 to 200,000 bricks a week were manufactured here, other supplies being obtained from Staffordshire, Bristol, and other places. These bricks were all vitrified, and were frequently tested by subjecting sample bricks to hydraulic pressure of from twenty-five to seventy tons. The brick-work of the tunnel, it may be mentioned, is for the most part 2 feet 3 inches thick, but in some parts it measures 3 feet in thickness.

Then again there were the dwellings of the operatives of one sort and another engaged in the undertaking. At neither end of the tunnel was there at the outset residential accommodation for the great host to be employed in its construction. At one time there were 3,000 men employed, and of course a great many of them had wives and families. It was necessary to set up dwellings for them, and at Sudbrook, on the Monmouthshire side of the channel, quite a small town was built. Mr. T. A. Walker, the contractor, appears to have taken a very kindly interest in the welfare of his men, and in this mushroom little town there were many features worthy of imitation by places of much greater pretension—a good recreation ground, for instance, a band-stand, a comfortable coffee-room and reading-room, a handsome mission hall capable of seating 1,000 worshippers, and two well-appointed hospitals. The cottages were small, but we understand that every care was taken to ensure satisfactory sanitary conditions.

But of course the point of chief interest during the construction of this tunnel was the great sub-aqueous gallery itself; and those who will henceforth rush through this great tube in a railway train cannot in the slightest degree realise the singularity of the scene presented in it both by night and by day during its construction. The writer of this had an opportunity of going through it—or the busiest part of it—just at the busiest time, and a very curious experience he found it. He was prepared for the expedition by having his legs encased in waterproof boots and overalls, his body wrapped in a rough flannel jacket, and his head in an oilskin hat of the "sou'-wester" type. In this Guy Fawkes garb he proceeded in company with one of the engineers to a shaft, down which he was lowered to a depth of some two hundred feet, and in a few moments found himself in a nether world of blazing electric lights and shifting shadows, of thundering explosions, rushing waters, tram-lines and scaffoldings, and uncouth moving figures—all mingled in a confusion at first absolutely bewildering. The plan of operations was to drive right through from shore to shore a seven-foot "heading." This of course could be carried on from both ends, but only a small number of excavators could be employed in making this seven-foot tunnel. When this small passage had been opened, however, any number of men could be set to work to enlarge the tunnel to its full dimensions; and when the writer

stepped into the midst of the work from the bottom of the shaft, as far as his eye could reach right and left of him there were great arc lights and flaring naphtha lamps blazing over the heads of different gangs of labourers engaged at various points all along the tunnel, or as much of it as remained unfinished. To one who had just crossed the placid surface of the Severn on a summer's day it was a very singular experience to drop down below the level of the river-bed into this region of chaos and darkness, mingled with flaming fires and flashing waters, and the thunderous explosions of the mining parties who, at intervals along the tunnel, were blasting out masses of rock, while a continuous series of trucks kept whirling down the inclines of the tunnel laden with the *débris* of the explosions. With lanterns in our hands we picked our way through the hurly-burly, keeping so far as we could to plank pathways, but every now and again plunging knee-deep into a rushing stream of water which at various points came tumbling into the tunnel over jagged rocks in the most beautiful of cascades, shimmering under the electric lamps like rills of molten silver. Here and there the excavation of the seven-foot heading was all that had been accomplished. At other points the twenty-six-foot passage had been cleared, and at other points again the brick tube had been completed, and these small sections of the tunnel gave suggestion of the coming form and order to be evolved from all the turmoil and confusion.

The sub-aqueous portion of the tunnel, it may be observed, is not a level. It dips down in the middle—or rather towards the Welsh side—with an incline rather steeper on the Welsh side than on the English. Whatever water may find its way into the completed tunnel will be carried, by a carefully devised system of drains, down to this lower point, and from thence will be pumped up by engines on the Monmouthshire side and discharged into the sewers.

The completion of this great work recalls another enterprise for which modern engineering has shown itself at least prepared—the project of the Channel Tunnel, into the experimental boring of which the writer of this also had an opportunity of penetrating two or three years back. Rigged out in another underground travelling suit, he was lowered to a depth of 160 or 170 feet, and then took his place with a number of others on a sort of jaunting car running on a tramway and hauled along by a party of stalwart labourers, to a distance of about a third of a mile through a horizontal boring lighted by small electric glow-lamps. At this point the boring had been widened into a small chamber, and a refreshment buffet had been provided, at which those of our party who were so disposed were invited to regale themselves with champagne and biscuits down below the bottom of the sea. We were now conducted along a continuation of the boring, at the extremity of which—somewhere about three-quarters of a mile under the seabottom—Major Beaumont's compressed-air engine was cutting its way through the grey chalk which it is believed underlies the whole of the channel



between England and France. This compressed-air engine was just a huge "centre-bit," boring out a hole seven feet in diameter. The work of tunnel-making here was as different as possible from that going on at the same time under the Severn, and, assuming that it would be of a similar kind all the way through, this seven-feet boring—afterwards to be enlarged to fourteen feet—would be as simple a procedure as that of a maggot eating its way through a cheese. For the present, however, this work has been stopped by Government, and the Severn Tunnel is as yet the largest work of the kind in existence. A smaller undertaking of a nature similar to that on the Great Western line has been recently brought to completion under the Mersey.

Another engineering work of stupendous magnitude, now practically completed, has been going on since July, 1882, at Tilbury, on the Thames, twenty-six miles below London Bridge. The East and West India Dock Company have here constructed the largest docks in the world.

The world's ships have been continually growing larger and larger, and there seems as yet to be no reason to suppose that they will not continue to do so. Docks which fifty years ago were ample for all the requirements of London commerce have long been outgrown, and larger ones have again and again been added to the accommodation of the river, and have again and again gone lower down the stream, partly because it was easier to find room for them lower down, but partly also because the larger grew the ships the more difficult and hazardous it was to navigate up the windings of the Thames. The East and West India Dock Company have themselves again and again extended their accommodation down the river, but this last move is the boldest and most important of all. They have gone right down to Gravesend, just opposite to which, on the Tilbury shore—quite at the extremity of the Port of London—they have acquired 600 acres of land lying between the river and the Tilbury and Southend Railway. Some 200 acres have been reserved for any extension the future may possibly demand, but 400 acres have been devoted to the new docks and the quays and railways and roads about them.

Some idea of the magnitude of the operations that have been going on here may be gathered from the fact that, besides some 3,000 or 4,000 men at one time engaged upon this undertaking, they have laid down about the works for temporary use some 30 or 40 miles of tramway, and the labours of the men have been supplemented by 40 horses, from 30 to 40 locomotive engines, 1,000 trucks, 7 "steam navvies" (each capable of doing the work of fifty men), 2 steam "grabs," 35 steam cranes, and pumps capable of throwing up 25,000 gallons of water a minute. Altogether, the "plant" employed here has been estimated to be worth something like £200,000.

For a long time during the progress of this work the scene on the river-side down at Tilbury was very striking in its wild chaos. Over a stretch of what had been marsh-land and rich pasture, some three-quarters of a mile long by perhaps

half a mile wide, there were vast excavations, enormous piles of clay, mountains of burning ballast, sending up clouds of smoke; engines, stationary and locomotive, were belching out steam and flames, long trails of trucks were rumbling up hill and down dale, great gangs of stalwart navvies were swarming in all directions, cranes were whirling and pumps were throbbing, and above all the huge "steam navvies" and "land-grabs" were conspicuous among the most modern of engineering appliances. The steam navvies are tremendous excavators. The action of them may be compared to that of a person who should take an iron pail and scoop up a pail of clay from a bank in front of him—should scoop it up with the pail itself, that is. The machine is set upon a tram-line and run close up in front of the bank to be dug away. When set in action a huge iron bucket, with a row of formidable iron spikes on its front edge, is thrust forward till the spikes dig into the soil at the bottom of the bank like so many teeth of a lower jaw. This iron receptacle is dragged upwards, and a great bite is thus taken out of the bank and falls into the bucket, which is now made to whirl round over an empty truck and drop in its mouthful of about a cartload and a half each time. It takes bite after bite out of the bank all round as far as it can reach, and then another length of tram-line is laid in front of it, and it is moved forward. The "land-grab" is a machine working on a somewhat similar principle, but instead of biting a mouthful, so to speak, it takes up a double-handful. They have had steam navvies at work in the cuttings leading down to the Severn Tunnel—and, indeed, in most large excavating works where the soil is of a nature suitable for these machines they are now employed. Fifty years ago of course no such appliances were thought of, and even the locomotive engines snorting about these works at Tilbury were practically unknown in the making of some of the Thames docks less than fifty years ago. The electric light, too, has rendered it practicable to carry on many operations here all night during a great part of the time the work has been going on. Arc lights of 1,500-candle power each have all night long been blazing over portions of this chaotic wilderness, and not infrequently labourers were to be seen at work by night at the bottom of trenches brilliantly illuminated by glow-lamps.

These and many other modern advantages have rendered it practicable to get through in three or four years what would have taken perhaps three times as long when the London Docks were constructed.

The outcome of this vast organisation of industry, as it has been said, will be the largest system of docks in existence. The finest vessels afloat—not excepting that unfortunate monster, the Great Eastern—will find abundant accommodation here. The largest ships of the commercial world at the present time have a draught of about 27 feet 6 inches. The new Tilbury Docks have a depth of 38 feet, and they are approached by a tidal basin nearly 20 acres in extent and 44 feet deep. A short distance inland from this tidal basin will be a main



dock with three branches, and this dock and its branches altogether will present 53 acres of water. Between the main dock and the tidal basin there is a lock, and there are two graving docks, and in these the finest ships of the mercantile world may be dry-docked. The arrangements for emptying and filling these great spaces, and the hydraulic appliances for opening and shutting gates, are among the most wonderful features of this great system. The dock walls are solid embankments of concrete 30 feet thick at the base and tapering to 10 feet at the top. The concrete is faced with hard brick, and coped with Cornish granite. Altogether there will be in these docks 15,000 feet—nearly three miles—of quay berths, and there will be round about the docks from 40 to 50 miles of permanent railway, the whole system being in connection with the London, Tilbury, and South-end Railway running into Fenchurch Street, to which there will be a service of quick trains running up in 35 minutes. One noticeable feature of the new docks will be the powerful appliances for lifting purposes. Larger ships imply larger and heavier steam machinery. Many of the boilers which will have to be dealt with here are of immense weight. They have been manufactured heavier and heavier for many years past, and chiefly with a view to the easy movement of these from the quay to the ship or from the ship to the quay, the Company has provided a floating derrick capable of lifting 500 tons.

These are not by any means the only great engineering works that have been in progress for some time past in this kingdom, and upon which,

if space permitted, a good deal might be said. Another stupendous undertaking is the Forth Bridge, commenced in January, 1883, and estimated to cost upwards of a million and a half of money. The two largest spans in this great fabric will be nearly a third of a mile each—1,700 feet exactly—and the highest point of the bridge will be 361 feet above high-water mark, while it will afford a clear headway of 150 feet for vessels passing beneath it on the top of the tide. The superstructure of this great viaduct will require no less than 45,000 tons of steel, for the bending of which the engineers have at command a hydraulic press capable of a pressure of 2,000 tons. In the way of dock construction again there are two very large works in progress, both of them, by the way, in the hands of the contractor for the Severn Tunnel, who not very long ago completed the Inner Circle Railway in London. The Preston Docks are being made by the Preston Corporation at an estimated cost of a million of money, the work involving the diversion of the River Ribble from its natural course. The second of the two dock enterprises alluded to is that of the Barry Docks, near Cardiff. When completed the main dock here will present seventy-six acres of water.

Such are some of the Brobdingnagian undertakings of these tremendously energetic times of ours, such are the peaceful triumphs of our civil engineers, and such are the monuments by which their names will be handed down to times when, let us hope, men may have learned to beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks.

## GRATITUDE IN DOGS.

MY two favourite dogs—a champion Newfoundland and splendid prize collie—are lying at my feet as I write, and they love me and are grateful for every kindness I do them; and, I tell you honestly, I would rather stand high in the opinion of two dogs that love me than of two million human beings who don't. So there!

But nevertheless "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." The British are essentially a dog-loving people, and I know when writing about them that I am speaking from my heart straight away to the hearts of thousands.

Gratitude is akin to love; gratitude breeds love even if it were not there before. With the exception of the domestic cat, there is no animal in the world more grateful for kindnesses done to him or favours received than our friend the dog.

I could cite a thousand anecdotes in proof of this. Let me give just a few that lie nearest to my memory.

A lady who lives about three miles from my place owns a bonnie black and extremely wise Pomeranian. Peter to name. Peter had an accident—a bite—and it ended in a lachrymal fistula

—a little hole an inch below the eye, that would not heal, and through which the tears kept constantly oozing. I told his mistress that if Peter came to stay with me for a time I would bring medical and surgical skill to bear upon the case, and probably cure it. Peter slept in my room, and every day, with my own hands, I dressed his wound. It was painful, but he bore it well, and his patience was rewarded after many weeks. This must be three years ago, but till this day Peter evinces his gratitude in the most lively way whenever we meet, and for a long time after I cured him he used to pay me periodical visits. He would just stop for a day or two, as the case might be, then trot away home again. I never knew a wiser wee dog than Peter, nor—to me—a more affectionate.

My Tyro suffered from dropsy, for which he had to be regularly tapped about once a month. As he was a large dog the operation was a difficult one. But he knew it did him good, and no sooner was it over than he would walk round the room, give a paw to me, and lick the hands of every one of my assistants.



THE CHASSEUR'S WOUNDED DOG.

[By Rotta.]

A dog's gratitude is shown not only directly, but indirectly, as in the defence of his master's property, for example. We all know that dogs both think and reason, but how much and how far it is not given to us to know. He would be a bold man who attempted to gauge or measure their exact power in these respects.

That they often reason from wrong premises, however, I am convinced from long experience. My dogs know that tramps and beggars are badly dressed, and come towards the door with a hesitating, half-frightened step. But a very well-to-do tradesman that often calls on me, and who suffers from gout, and is not particular in the matter of raiment, is classed by Hurricane Bob, my Newfoundland, among tramps of the lowest degree. I've often tried to explain to Bob that my visitor is not a tramp, but possesses a four-figure balance at his banker's. "What does he wear that old grey coat for?" Bob seems to reply; "and why doesn't he lift his feet and step out like a man? Balance, indeed! Just undo my chain, dear master, and see how long he'll keep his balance! *I'd* balance him!"

Bob has long since made up his mind that butchers are bad men, and he will not enter their shops. "They kill and hang poor sheep up," he says; "they might have me hung up there in five minutes if I were to go inside!"

If I come along the garden-path from my wigwam singing, at any hour of the day, the dogs come bounding to meet me, and then go bounding to the gate. They think I am going for a walk, having learned by experience that when the day's work is done I feel lighthearted, and sing as the birds do.

Again, if I chance to take down the lantern in broad daylight, or put on my hat, or extend my hand towards the clothes-brush in the hall, Bob goes wild in a moment; either action he thinks proves that I am bound for a walk.

I had a pet cockatoo—a wonderful bird—some years ago, and possessed at the same time a die-hard Scotch terrier. The dog was no particular favourite because he was so full of tricks and vice. The cockatoo would generally be out of doors in fine weather, and Broom would make many a sly dash at the cage, intent on pulling poor Polly's

beak off. If Bob were anywhere near, and spied this, Broom would have to run for his life. Polly soon began to know who her friend was, and whenever Broom came near the cage would shout, "Bob, Bob, Bob, Bob!"

This became the bird's best method of defence, for Broom never used to wait to see whether the big dog was coming bounding through the bushes at Polly's bidding, but fled on the first mention of his name.

A good example of a dog's reasoning from false premises is the following: A Highland shepherd possessed a collie which he had reared from puppydom. He was exceedingly kind to the animal, and it is needless to say the dog loved him, and was his constant companion day and night. In the Highland hills and glens—up Loch Carron way, where the event I am about to relate took place—snowstorms are frequent in winter. It is the shepherd's duty then to look well after his flock, lest any get buried, and, if necessary, to drive them down to the lower land.

It was with the latter intention that D— took to the hills one day with his dog. It was calm in the morning, but a wild snowstorm was raging in mountain and glen long before sunset. It will never be known whether or not the shepherd lost

himself; the probability is he sat down to rest in the lee of a rock, and fell into a deep sleep, from which he awoke no more.

Next day his dog appeared at the man's cot; he was very excited, and did what he had never been known to do before—snatched a bannock from the table and rushed out with it. The opportunity to follow the dog was not neglected, for collies will often bring assistance to a wounded master who has fallen over rock or cliff. They tracked poor collie through the snow, up the glen, and over the hills, till at last they found him sitting woefully by the body of his dead master. But the bannock? It was found laid up against the shepherd's cheek, the dog evidently having imagined it was from hunger his master suffered. Many a time and oft had that Highland shepherd shared his frugal meal with his collie; in autumn, when the bloom was on the hills, in winter and in spring, when sleet or rain or snow was borne along on the wings of the fierce cold winds; and "Now," collie must have thought, "I must try to do something for poor master who lies so chill and still."\*

\* This dog was never the same creature after he lost his master, and though only young, died in less than a year.



▲ DOG'S GRATITUDE.

[By Rotta.]



A student of animal life and manners has no occasion to go far from home to seek for subjects. I say the meanest cur that runs on the street, the blind man's half-bred poodle, or the tramp's lean and hungry mongrel, is in itself a study.

Here is an example of the reasoning power true and simple in dogs. My Newfoundland knows well that I am an enthusiastic cyclist, and he himself would ride if he could. Sometimes, then, when he sees me near the coach-house, he will rush in, and, leaping up, run after my tricycle at the back, then scamper round and round it, cutting all kinds of delighted capers. He naturally thinks that it is impossible for me to resist a temptation so great, and he is seldom wrong.

A wise and affectionate dog, such as a Newfoundland, collie, or retriever, if well brought up and kindly treated, evinces his gratitude by showing affection for the whole human race, especially for children, and those in suffering, danger, or distress.

At a ferry in the River Earn there was a very affectionate and wise dog called Dash some years ago. The interest she took in the boat and general management of the ferry was often even amusing. She must stand to see the boat properly fastened up before trotting home, and positively refused to leave if the chain was not properly adjusted. Dash's mistress was an invalid, and very frail. The dog would almost help her into the boat; and whenever, through weakness, the woman would sway to one side, Dash would jump up and steady her lest she should fall.

But when her mistress was taken away by death, Dash lay in a corner overwhelmed with grief, taking no notice of or interest in anything. Even the boat itself lost all charm when the loved one was lost.

Time heals grief though, and Dash showed afterwards even more love than formerly for her master, and all her old interest in the working of the ferry came back. She never failed to inform her master when any one wished to be fetched. She would give one or two short barks across stream to the individual desirous of crossing. This was saying plainly enough,

"All right. I can see you. I'll fetch master."

She would then run to the house, bark there, and rush back again to inform the party that the ferryman would soon arrive.

Dash had a foe in the person of a huge ill-natured cock, who spurred her and bullied her whenever he dared. Dash had only one way of defending herself: she used to pick up a big stone

before she passed the cock and let him see she had it. When she did this, strange enough the cock never interfered with her. I do not pretend to give a reason for this, I merely state the fact.

Dogs are often very jealous in their affection, and it is unkind to a faithful canine friend to take too much notice of strange dogs in his presence.

Sometimes they evince this jealousy in a strange way. Don, a nice white poodle, and Peter, mentioned above, used each of them to try when out walking to get as close to me as possible. But Don would keep running round my legs in an inner circle, keeping Peter running round in an outer and larger circle vainly trying to get close to me.

Most dogs are fond of children; perhaps their very helplessness strikes a chord in the kindly sympathetic nature of the dumb animal. I know a terrier that watches by the cradle while baby sleeps and runs for its mother the moment the child opens its eyes.

A dog called Carlo, on seeing a boy fall into the harbour, dashed in, and, seizing him by the clothes, prevented him from sinking. Assistance came, and the boy was rescued. The patience of this dog in lying down to have the pellets extracted when shot by accident is only equalled by that of my own brave Irish setter, Topsy, who stood unflinchingly to have a toe cut off that had been crushed in a trap. She came every day to have it dressed, and her gratitude after each operation was very great.

Another dog called Don saved his little master from the attack of three ruffians on a lonely road, but the injuries the poor animal himself received resulted in his death some time afterwards.

The gratitude of my old dog Tyro to a retainer of ours, who saved his life by pressure on a bleeding artery was ever afterwards shown, not only to the woman herself, but to her cats. For I am sorry to say Tyro was a cat exterminator, but Jemima's cats might after the accident come and even eat out of his dish.

I could multiply instances to prove that dogs are capable of far more love and real gratitude for kindnesses and favours than most people would believe them to be. Shall we, human beings, made in the image of our Creator, be found deficient in affection to or in consideration for the wants of those noble creatures whom He has given us as companions and servants?

GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

### DAME ALICE OWEN.

AT the corner of Owen Street, Islington—the street that Hood mentions in his poem of "The Speaking Trumpet"—stands the large and flourishing school commonly called Lady Owen's School. But though large and flourishing

now, thanks to the care of the Brewers' Company, who are its governors, it has risen from a very modest beginning. When the writer went over it, some ten or twelve years ago, he was shown a portrait of a dignified lady, in a ruff of the kind



worn in Elizabeth's days, and at one end of the schoolroom, in a recess, was a portion of an old monument, taken from the Parish Church of Islington when it was pulled down in 1751. This represented the same lady with nine children following her. And he learnt that the old school building, which stood till about forty-five years ago, had three iron arrows fixed in the gable end as a memorial of the circumstances that led to its origin. These circumstances were so remarkable that, although they may be found related in topographical works about Islington and Clerkenwell, the story deserves to be told again.

Alice Wilkes was the daughter of a well-to-do landowner in the parish of Islington. The arms of the family were "*Argent on a mount in base proper, a fig-tree vert, fruited or.*" Islington, as every one knows, is a very large parish, and reaches up to Highgate; but three hundred years ago, or more, it was not only a wide but a lonely district. Excepting for a solitary building here and there, such as the Hermitage, where Hermitage Place now stands, or one in Coldbath Fields, there was nothing but a clear stretch of pastures north of Clerkenwell Green. From the back windows of Gray's Inn there was an uninterrupted view over Highgate and Holloway. Even a hundred years later than that, when Pepys set out one evening to go from London to Islington, he had to stop half way for the night, it was such a long journey and the roads were so bad. Well, in these open fields, in the days of Queen Mary, people used to practise shooting at targets, or butts as they called them, with bows and arrows. They did the same at Newington, where the name of Newington Butts still remains. One morning, as Alice Wilkes was taking a walk with her maid, she saw a woman milking, and had a mind to try if she could manage the operation herself. So she sat down on the stool, but had not got far in her lesson when it was cut short by a startling incident. An arrow, shot by some clumsy archer, whose ears bluff King Hal would have cuffed soundly had he been there, went right through the hat she was wearing. It would be a high steeple hat, we may suppose, in Mary's reign, something like what Welsh women wear now. So that perhaps the arrow did not graze her head very closely. But, at any rate, Alice was so impressed with a sense of the providential escape she had had, that she is said to have made a vow that if ever she came to be a rich lady, she would do something to mark that spot.

And this vow she faithfully kept. She *did* live to be a rich lady, for she was three times married, and finally left a well-endowed widow.

Her first husband was Henry Robinson, a brewer of London; her second a City mercer and alderman, named William Elkin; and her third Mr. Justice Owen, or Sir Thomas Owen as he was sometimes called, a Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. His monument is in Westminster Abbey, where many must have been struck with the curious inscription it bears: "*Spes, Vermis et Ego.*" There were eleven children of the first marriage, six boys and five girls; and one child, a girl called Ursula, of the second. Dame Owen had thus many claims upon her wealth, but she had enough for all. At least she never forgot her early resolution. And so, in 1608, besides many other benefactions to Christ's Hospital, to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and a number of institutions, she got leave from King James I to found the school of which we have been speaking, along with a hospital or almshouses for ten poor old women. The school was only for thirty boys, and the standard of instruction would be thought a very modest one now. The master was to teach the children "to read, write, cast accounts, and sing the Psalms now usually sung in the English Church." This last direction carries us back to the days of Sternhold and Hopkins, and their "*Geneva Jigs*," as the wits of Charles the First's time profanely called them. But though so unpretending in its earliest stage, the school has now developed into one of ample proportions. By a scheme of the Charity Commissioners, published in 1875, the little school for 30 boys is expanded into one for 300, with possibility of extension to the number of 1000. A girls' school for a like number is part of the scheme, and scholarships of £30 are provided, to enable promising scholars to enter places of higher education. Such are some of the results that have flowed from one part of the work of good Dame Owen. The unskilful archer made a good shot in one sense; in fact, perhaps the best shot he ever made. One almost thinks that Longfellow must have had him in his mind when he wrote the familiar song beginning,

"I shot an arrow into the air;  
It fell to earth, I know not where."

J. H. LUPTON, M.A.

## BELLS AND BEACONS FOR TRAVELLERS BY NIGHT.

A TOWNSMAN visiting the country during the long dark nights experiences much difficulty in finding his way about the lonely lanes and sparingly-lighted village streets. He realises how tiresome and dangerous it was in the olden days to travel at night over the dreary commons, wild wolds, and lonely heaths, unenclosed, with their

indifferently constructed roads. Gratitude for delivery from perilous positions often induced people to leave money for setting up on high lamps, and for the ringing of bells, to guide the wayfarer on his journey.

According to an old tradition, a lady was lost on the Lincolnshire wolds, and feared that she

would have to remain wandering about in the cold until daybreak. Happily, however, on the still night air were wafted the welcome sounds of the bell of St. Peter's Church, Barton-on-Humber, which enabled her to direct her steps to the town over the almost trackless country. She was so grateful when she found herself in safety that she gave a piece of land to the parish clerk on condition that he should ring one of the church bells from seven to eight o'clock every evening except Sunday, commencing on the day of carrying the first load of barley in every year till the following Shrove Tuesday. Some twenty years ago the ringing, which had been faithfully performed from time out of mind, was discontinued on account of the annoyance the noise caused to the inhabitants dwelling near the church. The parish clerk still receives the proceeds of the land, although the welcome notes (to many persons) of the bell is no longer heard as day gives way to night.

A Woodstock worthy, named John Carey, left ten shillings annually to be paid for a bell being rung from the old church tower at 8 p.m. for the guidance of travellers in the neighbourhood of the town. The Corporation of Woodstock have the management of this old bequest. Mr. Carey clearly set forth in his will that if the clerk or sexton neglected to ring the bell some other person must be selected to perform the duties. A similar bequest was made in the year 1664 by Richard Palmer, who bequeathed a sum of money to pay a salary to the sexton of Workingham Church, Berkshire, for ringing the greatest bell half an hour every evening at eight o'clock, from the 10th of September to the 11th of March in every year. He desired that strangers and others, who should happen on winter nights, within hearing of the said bell, to lose their way in the country, might be informed of the time of night, and receive some guidance into the right way.

Dunston Pillar is a conspicuous object in the county of Lincoln, and was erected in the year 1751 for the purpose of directing travellers over Lincoln Heath. It had on its summit a large lantern, which was lighted at night. We have heard it related in the district that on one occasion a postboy received instructions to keep the light to the right hand on his way home, spent the night driving round the pillar. In 1810 the lantern was removed and a statue of George III, at the cost of Lord Buckinghamshire, placed at the top of the pillar. In the olden time, on the tower of St. Mary's Church, Beverley, was a lighted lantern on dark nights to guide persons over the Yorkshire wolds. A beacon-lamp was formerly suspended in the centre of All Saints' Church steeple in the city of York for the aid of travellers in the Forest of Galtres. In addition to a lantern at Lamborne to enable persons to cross the bleak downs in winter time, we learn that a bell was tolled.

It is stated in Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland" that the parish schoolmaster of Corstorphshire, Edinburghshire, has the profits of a piece of land known as "Lamp's Acre." The proceeds of the land was to cover the cost of keeping lighted a lamp in winter time placed on Corstorphshire Church to direct the traveller on the Edinburgh road, which was both difficult and dangerous to travel along. John Wardell wished to shed some light on the dark streets of London, and in his will, dated August 29th, 1656, left sufficient property to pay the churchwardens of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, says Edwards, in his "Remarkable Charities," to provide a good and sufficient iron-and-glass lantern with a candle for the direction of passengers to go with more security to and from the waterside all night long, to be fixed at the north-east corner of the parish church of St. Botolph, from the Feast Day of St. Bartholomew to Lady Day." The clerk received a sovereign a year for attending to the lantern. It appears from the "Reports of Charities" that the annuity is now applied to supporting a gas-lamp placed in the position indicated in the will. We find particulars of another bequest for maintaining a lantern lighted with a candle, in the will of John Cooke, dated the 12th of September, 1662. He gave definite instructions as to the size of candles to be used, and further stated that the lantern had to be hung out at the corner of St. Michael's Lane, next Thames Street, from Michaelmas to Lady Day, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock at night, until four or five in the morning. A gas-lamp has taken the place of the old lantern with its candles of a particular size. The facts about the lighting of the streets of London are full of historic interest, but do not come within the scope of the present article. We have mentioned lanterns, and may further state, on the authority of Chambers's "Book of Days," that in accordance with the old local rule of London, as established by the mayor in 1416, all householders of the better class rated above a low rate in the books of their respective parishes should hang a lantern lighted with a fresh and whole candle nightly outside their houses for the accommodation of foot-passengers, from All-hallows' evening to Candlemas Day. "Hang out your lights!" was once the familiar cry of the old London watchmen. We have seen a print of the period of James I representing one of the guardians of the night, bearing the following lines:—

"A light here, maids, hang out your light,  
And see your horns be clear and bright,  
That so your candle clear may shine,  
Continuing from six till nine;  
That honest men that walk along  
May see to pass safe without wrong."

WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.



## Home.

Words by LONGFELLOW.

MYLES B. FOSTER.

VOICE.

Stay, stay at home, my  
Then stay at home, my

PIANO.

*p leggiero.*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

heart, and rest, Home-keeping hearts are hap-pi - est, For those that wander they  
heart, and rest, The bird is saf - est in its nest; O'er all that flutter their

*sf* *p* *dolce*

know not where, Are full of trouble, full of care. To stay at home is  
wings and fly, A hawk is hov'ring in the sky. To stay at home is

*mf* *cres.* *sf*

best. For those that wander they know not where, Are full of trouble,  
best. O'er all that flutter their wings and fly, A hawk is hov'ring

*mf* *dim.*

full of care. To stay at home is best. . . . .  
in the sky.

*p* *più p* *8va* *pp*

To stay at home is best. . . . . Then, stay at home, my



*rit. ad lib.*

heart and rest, To stay at home is best, to  
*tranquillo.*

*pp colla voce.*

Ped. \*

or stay at home is best.

*dolce.*

FINE.

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

*Agitato.*

*mf*  
Wea - ry and homesick and dis - tressed, They

*Con moto agitato.*

*cres. agitato.*

wan - - - der east, they wan - der west, And are baf - fled and

beaten and blown about by the winds of the wil-der-ness of doubt. . . . .

Baf - fled and beaten and blown a - bout . . . . . by the wil - - der - ness of

doubt . . . . . To stay at home is best . . . . .

*rit.* *dolce* *sempre rit. un poco*

. . . is best. . . . .

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

## Varieties.

**Rural England Then and Now.**—We know well that London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bath, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and all Lancashire and Yorkshire, and some other counties, have got a vast increase of miserable beings huddled together. But look at Devonshire, Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, and other counties. You will see there *hundreds of thousands of acres* of land, where the old marks of the plough are visible, but which have not been cultivated for perhaps half a century. You will there see places that were once considerable towns and villages, now having within their ancient limits nothing but a few cottages, the parsonage, and a single farm-house. It is a curious and a melancholy sight, where an ancient church, with its lofty spire or tower, the church sufficient to contain a thousand or two or three thousand of people conveniently, now stands surrounded by a score or half a score of miserable mud-houses, with floors of earth, and covered with thatch; and this sight strikes your eye in all parts of the five western counties of England. Surely these churches were not built without the existence of a population somewhat proportionate to their size! Certainly not; for the churches are of various sizes, and we sometimes see them very small indeed. Let any man look at the sides of the hills in these counties, and also in Hampshire, where *downs*, or open lands, prevail. He will there see not only that those hills were formerly cultivated; but that banks, from distance to distance, were made by the spade, in order to form little flats for the plough to go, without tumbling the earth down the hill; so that the side of a hill looks, in some sort, like the steps of a stairs. Was this done without hands, and without mouths to consume the grain raised on the sides of these hills? The Funding and Manufacturing and Commercial and Taxing system has, by drawing wealth into great masses, drawn men also into great masses. London, the manufacturing places, Bath and other places of dissipation, have, indeed, wonderfully increased in population. Country Seats, Parks, Pleasure-gardens have, in like manner and degree, increased in number and extent. And in just the same proportion has been the increase of Poor-houses, Mad-houses, and Jails. But *the People of England* have been swept away.—*William Cobbett.*

**A Steel Strong Room.**—The following statement in the "Scotsman" will interest not only bankers but the keepers and possessors of treasures or valuable papers, in all parts of the world. There is about to be erected in the premises of the National Bank of Scotland, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, the largest steel strong-room or safe which the firm of Chubb and Sons have hitherto manufactured. Its external dimensions are 50ft. long by 12ft. broad and 10ft. high, and a careful computation shows that within it might be stored about 1,250 tons weight of gold bullion, equal in value to £110,000,000. It is heavy in proportion to its size, weighing 100 tons. Its walls are believed to be thicker than those of any other steel-room of similar proportions in use in the United Kingdom. With the view of ensuring greater security than has hitherto been obtained, its walls are composed of a triple series of plates, similar to those which the firm have for many years used in the manufacture of bankers' safes. These plates are so toughened and hardened as to be practically impervious alike to the force of blows, leverage, and cutting by drills. This "compounding of the plates," as it is termed, involved an enormous amount of drilling, no fewer than 1,000 holes being pierced in each section. Admission to the interior of this strong-room is obtained by means of three massive doors and grills, measuring 7ft. high by 3ft. 4in. broad. Each of these doors, which are 7in. thick, weigh about a ton and a half, but on the hardened steel pins of which they are hung they swing with the greatest ease. Apart from the great thickness of compounded hard and mild steel plates in these doors, the principal feature they present is the patent diagonal bolts, which, when presented at the International Exhibition, were so highly appreciated that the jurors awarded them the only

gold medal given in that department. These bolts, of which there are 20 in each door, shoot out from the edge of the door at opposing angles of 45 degrees, and thus powerfully dovetail the door into the frame at either side. Thus any attempted wedging between the door and its frame simply tends to bind these bolts tighter into their holes. The doors themselves, moreover, are sunk about an eighth of an inch into the frames, so that any attempt to wedge becomes more impracticable, unless it were conceivable that the massive frame itself could be wrenched away. By various secret methods and appliances in the construction of the door and grills, all possible security has been taken against the entrance of burglars into the strong-room by any known means of attack open to them. The grills, which are self-locking, occupy the space in each vestibule on three doors. They are intended for use during bank hours when the door may be left open. The interior of the strong-room is divided into three principal compartments by means of heavy steel partitions. These partitions contain cases of a non-conducting composition, so that in the improbable event of fire breaking out in one compartment it would be entirely isolated from the other sections. One of the compartments is subdivided into strong-rooms specially constructed for the safe keeping of gold and silver, and all are fitted with cupboards, treasures, shelving, and other accessories, entirely of steel—not a chip of wood being introduced in the whole structure. There are some 50 locks to doors, cupboards, etc., no two of which are alike. Manholes, fitted with strong doors and secret locks, are let into the partition walls, so that if the keys of any one of the large outer doors became lost, communication from one end of the strong-room to the other could be maintained by entering at another of the outer doors and passing through the manholes to any of the compartments. The strong-room is a costly piece of work. Great care in designing it has been displayed, and seven months' labour has already been expended in its construction. Its erection in its permanent position within the walls of the National Bank of Edinburgh, and its enclosure within a concrete casing of nearly two feet thick, with the formation of a patrol passage around it, will probably occupy a further period of about two months' time.

**"Repeal the Union! Restore the Heptarchy!"**—This celebrated phrase was an exclamation by Mr. Canning in the debate of February 3rd, 1812, on the motion of Lord Morpeth for an inquiry into the state of Ireland. After two nights' debate the motion was lost by a majority of ninety-four, the motion being viewed as a censure on the executive government of Ireland. Mr. Canning's speech, however, greatly helped on the cause of "justice to Ireland," while treating with contempt any proposal for independence of imperial rule, or of what O'Connell afterwards agitated for under the cry of "Repeal" of the Union.

**Cremation.**—Mr. Spencer Wells tells the following anecdote as to the late Lord Shaftesbury's ideas on cremation. "Soon after the foundation of the Cremation Society I was asked by the council to invite Lord Shaftesbury to become its president. He declined, but with reluctance. He told me that if he had been younger he would have accepted, but that he felt too old for combating the opposition which such a society must expect to meet for some years to come. When the late Bishop of Lincoln published his views as to the possibility of cremation interfering with the resurrection of the burnt body, Lord Shaftesbury exclaimed to me, 'What an audacious limitation of the power of the Almighty! What has become of the blessed martyrs who were burnt at the stake?' Last April, when I was about to lecture on cremation at the Parkes Museum, Lord Shaftesbury promised to take the chair. But two days before the time arranged for the lecture he sent for me and expressed his great regret that he was too ill to be present. At my request he wrote a note, which was read at the Museum by Sir Lyon Playfair, which

is published in the 'Times' of April 23rd this year, and which contains the following sentence: 'There is another argument, urged on religious grounds, that it will annihilate all hope of a resurrection. I have never heard the question discussed theologically, but surely it may be met by the interrogation, "What, then, will become of the thousands of blessed martyrs who have died at the stake in ancient and modern persecutions?"' I think," adds Mr. Wells, "this reminder of the opinion of Lord Shaftesbury on a question which is every year becoming of greater importance in relation to the health of the people, and which is now opposed almost exclusively upon sentimental or religious grounds, may be of some value and interest."

**Meditation.**—The following wise and timely words appear in a sermon by Mr. Spurgeon on "Hindrances to Faith": "Some of you, I am afraid, do not give five minutes in the day to meditation. You are in too great a hurry for that. In London life men get up in a hurry, even as they went to bed in a hurry and slept in a hurry. They swallow their breakfast in a hurry—they have no time to digest it; the bell is ringing at the station, and they must hurry to catch the train; they reach business in a hurry, they hurry through it, and they hurry to get back from it. Men cannot think, for they have barely time to wink their eyes. As to an hour's meditation and reading the Scriptures, and communing with God, many professors nowadays would think they committed robbery against the god of this world if they took half an hour out of his service to give it to fellowship with the world to come. If our faith is to grow we must maintain constant intercourse with God. Another way of increasing faith is by much prayer. Pray for faith and pray with faith; thus shall thy soul become firm in its reliance on the promises."

**Mr. Ruskin's Definition of an Average English Town.**—"That aggregate of bad buildings and ill living held in check by constables which we call a town."

**Railway Casualties.**—It is stated that in one year, 1884, 130 men were killed and 1,306 injured while engaged in shunting operations; and during the last seven years 1,081 have been killed and 9,256 injured from similar causes. Most of these casualties have occurred from the necessity of the men having to go between the waggons to couple or uncouple them. In this age of invention this seems a deplorable amount of "preventible" loss of life and health. We should like to know if the same proportion of casualties are reported on Continental lines under Government management, or whether this is the result of the same cruel disregard of human life for larger gains, by which our railway directors insist on unjustly long and continuous labour from insufficient numbers of men.

**A Bird in the Hand worth Two in the Bush.**—A practical farmer at Wimborne gives the report of an offer to his labourers, with result similar to that which Mr. Brand, when Speaker of the House of Commons, had to report on offering his tenants to become sharers in farming profits, provided they risked also the losses. Mr. Tasker, of Ashton Farm, says: "I made all my men an offer to plough, find seed, drill, and drop in three acres of land—well manured, sheep-folded, prepared land—to wheat, to pay all rent, rates, and taxes, if in return they would render me their year's labour. They all refused, and prefer to remain without these doubtful benefits, and to take their wages as usual. I will only add, if further proof be necessary, that my carter earns an average of £45 per annum; thus, in order to improve his position he would have to pull £15 per acre out of his plot of three acres of land, after paying rent, rates, and taxes. How this is to be done under present circumstances and present prices, I and a great many other farmers would like to know."

**American Cheese.**—Professor Arnold, a high authority on dairying in the United States, laments over the lost prestige of American cheese, exports of which, he points out, are steadily decreasing. This statement we find fully verified on turning to the official summary of exports from the United States during the eight months ending on the 31st of August. For that period in 1885 the cheese exported to all countries amounted to 70,146,267 lb., as compared with 81,315,871 lb.

in the corresponding period of 1884. The value has declined in still greater proportion, being 5,774,645 dols. for the eight months of 1885, against 7,899,588 dols. for the corresponding period of 1884. Professor Arnold does not admit that there is any decline in the quality of American cheese to account for the falling-off in public favour. On the contrary, he declares that the quality has improved. But he admits that the cheesemakers of the United States have not kept pace with those of Canada. Not many years ago, he explains, Canadian cheese was far below the level of American, and he attributes the great improvement in the general quality of the former mainly to the efforts of the Ontario Government in spreading information and giving practical instruction among the dairy farmers of the province. It has cost only about 5,000 dols. to employ two or three instructors in dairying during the past six years, and the return is estimated by Professor Arnold at a hundred times the cost. He advises the Government of New York State, which has always taken the lead in the manufacture of cheese, to follow the example of Ontario.

**Dr. Chalmers at Earlham.**—In the "Life of Joseph John Gurney" there is an interesting account of a visit by Dr. Chalmers, the great Scottish divine and preacher. He saw the venerable Bishop of Norwich in his ninetieth year, and he says, "Our interview was very delightful. The dear old man was in good heart and health, reading without spectacles, hearing without the smallest difficulty, and able to talk with his old vivacity." He was evidently much animated by seeing Dr. Chalmers. He said he had been reading his Bridgewater Essay, and was specially pleased that he insisted so much on the views of Bishop Butler, whom he regarded as "one of the best and wisest of writers." They then talked of Dr. Adam Smith's book, the "Theory of the Moral Sentiments." The bishop said he was sorry to learn from Dr. Chalmers's book that Adam Smith had omitted from his second edition his splendid passage respecting the necessity for a Mediator. Dr. Chalmers said this was probably due to the influence of David Hume. The bishop said he used to meet Hume at the old Lord Bathurst's. "He then repeated, with great feeling and accuracy, part of the suppressed passage, saying it had been fixed in his memory from his early manhood. He afterwards drew a lively picture of the talented but hot-headed Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, who was well known to his uncle, Lord Bathurst, and of the mighty Warburton, with whom he was familiarly acquainted. He described him as a giant in conversation and a fearless champion against Hume and other infidels."

**General Grant's Opinion of English Institutions.**—Sir Theodore Martin states that General Grant said to him in conversation about what he observed in England: "Nothing amazed me more in what I saw in England than that there should be people, and a large body of people, who were tampering with her institutions. We would give our ears to have such institutions in America, and yet you are trifling with them."

**Early Years of Queen Victoria's Reign.**—In the Greville Memoirs are interesting recollections of Queen Victoria after her accession to the throne. Her Majesty showed her independence in political affairs, and sometimes she expressed herself with a firm determination which reminded Greville of Elizabeth's strength of will. Nor did she shelter herself behind her resolutions without giving reasons. In the affair of the Bed-chamber Women she had insisted on keeping her ladies, nor could Peel shake her determination. He sent Lord Ashley as envoy, who failed likewise. Then with the Duke of Wellington he sought another personal interview: "When the Duke and Peel saw her, and endeavoured to persuade her to yield this point, they found her firm and immovable, and not only resolved not to give way, but prepared with answers to all they said and arguments in support of her determination. They told her she must consider her ladies in the same light as lords. She said, 'No; I have lords besides, and these I give up to you.' And when they still pressed her, she said, 'Now, suppose the case had been reversed, that you had been in office when I came to the throne, and that Lord Melbourne would not have required this sacrifice of me?' Finding that she would not give way, Peel informed her that under these circumstances he must



consult his friends." She had been crowned nearly a year before, and a curious incident had occurred in the middle of the solemnity. "The ruby ring had been made for her little finger instead of the fourth, on which the rubric prescribes that it should be put. When the Archbishop was to put it on she extended the former, but he said that it must be on the latter. She said it was too small, and she could not get it on. He said it was right to put it there, and as he insisted she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on, but it hurt her very much, and as soon as the ceremony was over she was obliged to bathe her finger in iced water in order to get it off."

**Orchestral Kettledrums.**—At the great Handel Commemoration Festival in Westminster Abbey in 1784 there were three sets of kettledrums, which might be termed tenor, bass, and double-bass, an octave below each other. To ordinary kettledrums were added the Tower-drums, brought from the Ordnance stores, where they had been kept since they had been captured from the French by the Duke of Marlborough at the Battle of Malplaquet in 1709. The double-bass were made specially from models of Mr. Asbridge, of Drury Lane Orchestra, the plates being copper, as brass plates could not be obtained large enough. They were not hemispherical, as common kettledrums, but more cylindrical, longer, and more capacious than in the ordinary shape.

**Sustained Study and Desultory Reading.**—Lord Iddesleigh in his address to the Edinburgh students said: "With regard to those two methods I will, in the first place, observe that, to speak generally, the world has need of them both. We need students who will give themselves up to strictly limited subjects of study, will pursue them with all their heart and mind and strength, and with that great kind of devotion which we may call students' love. These must be men animated by the spirit of our old giants of learning, of whose powers of reading we hear so much and of whose powers of writing we see remaining so many substantial proofs. Yet even with these men the intermixture of some general and desultory reading is necessary, both for the very purposes of their study and in order to relieve the strain of the mind and to keep it in a healthy condition. I never read so many novels in succession as during the months that I was working for my degree at the rate of 10 or 12 hours a day, and in the week when I was actually under examination I read through the 'Arabian Nights' in the evenings. I forget who the great Judge was who, being asked as to his reading, answered that he read nothing but law and novels. But there is plenty of literature besides novels, and besides the 'Arabian Nights,' which will be good for the relaxation of the mind after severe study, and I venture to think that the more miscellaneous our selection is the more agreeable, as well as more profitable, it will be. So much for the consideration of one's own mental health. But beyond that I think it is evident that a certain amount of miscellaneous reading is of great importance to the student in relation to his main study itself. Illustrations of his work will be presented to him often from the most unexpected quarters, will sometimes cheer and lighten his labour, and sometimes very usefully supply hints for further or wholly different lines of inquiry."

**King Edward the Confessor.**—A singular scene was witnessed one day last autumn in Westminster Abbey. A large number of devout persons came to pray before the shrine of Edward the Confessor, quietly coming and quietly going; and certainly the Abbey is open to worshippers of all creeds, if the paraphernalia of strange worship are not obtruded. It was on the 13th October, which, although not a festival in the English Church, is consecrated in the Romish Calendar to King Edward. The new-built Abbey had been consecrated only a few days before the death of the Saxon king, on January 5th, the last of the line of Cerdic. The death-bed scene is recorded by several chroniclers, and is vividly described by Lord Lytton in his historical romance of "Harold," where also the mooted question is learnedly discussed, in a note, as to the assignment of the crown by the dying king, and the nature of the claims of William the Norman in opposition to those of Harold. It is a curious point in history, who

crowned the new king? The two great prelates of the realm, Alred and Stigand, both took part; according to usage, for at the coronation of Ethelred II, the service for which is still extant, two bishops officiated. The Norman chroniclers, and, more notably, the Bayeux tapestry, make Stigand officiate, as if to convey the insinuation that Harold was not lawfully crowned, Stigand being then under the ban of the Pope. But other chroniclers expressly say that Alred officiated in the crowning. So Harold, son of Earl Godwin, became king, and reigned till the fatal day of Hastings. Edward the Confessor, while distinguished for piety, was not without touches of a brave kingly nature, as appears in his message to Magnus, who as heir of Canute claimed the English Crown. Snorro Sturleson records the reply of Edward: "When Hardicanute died, it was the resolution of the people to take me for the king here in England. So long as I had no kingly title I served my superiors in all respects, like those who have no claims by birth to land or kingdom. Now, however, I have received the kingly title, and am consecrated king; I have established my royal dignity and authority, as my father before me; and while I live I will not renounce my title. If King Magnus comes here with an army I will gather an army against him, but he shall only get the opportunity of taking England when he has taken my life. Tell him these words of mine." It is probable that Godwin dictated this reply to Magnus of Denmark, but in any case Edward is entitled to the honour of the spirited words, and it is noticeable that he rested his royal title on the will of the English people.

**The Bayard of the Indian Army.**—Sir James Outram was characterised throughout his whole career by his noble unselfishness. Though he might personally disapprove of the policy he was occasionally ordered to carry out, he never once faltered in the path of duty. Thus he did not approve of the policy of invading Scinde; yet his services throughout the campaign were acknowledged by General Sir Charles Napier to have been of the most brilliant character. But when the war was over, and the rich spoils of Scinde lay at the conqueror's feet, Outram said, "I disapprove of the policy of this war, I will accept no share of the prize-money." Not less marked was his generous self-denial when dispatched with a strong force to aid Havelock in fighting his way to Lucknow. As superior officer, he was entitled to take upon himself the chief command; but recognising what Havelock had already done, with rare disinterestedness he left to his junior officer the glory of completing the campaign, offering to serve under him as a volunteer. "With such reputation," said Lord Clyde, "as Major-General Outram has won for himself, he can afford to share glory and honour with others. But that does not lessen the value of the sacrifice he has made with such disinterested generosity."—"*Character*," by Samuel Smiles.

[There is a bust of Outram at the top of one side of a doorway in Westminster Abbey. The vacant place on the other side could not be better filled than by a bust of Gordon, a man of like heroic nature and noble unselfishness.]

**Home in Old England.**—In his "Year's Residence in the United States of America" (published in 1819), William Cobbett has many interesting references of a personal kind. One of his impressions on a previous return to England he records as follows: "When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence, from the country parts of it, of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called rivers! The Thames was but a creek! But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross in my post-chaise the long and dreary heath of Bagshot. Then at the end of it to mount a hill, called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood, for I had learnt before the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows

and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'As high as Crooksbury Hill' meant with us the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. *I could not believe my eyes!* Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, a hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The post-boy, going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a *nothing!* But now came rushing into my mind, all at once, my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped, when I came to reflect what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a Secretary of State's in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world; no teacher of any sort, nobody to shelter me from the consequences of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment I resolved never to bend before them."

**Infatuation and Imbecility of Modern Scepticism.**—In his critique of the Hibbert Lectures by M. Réville, Mr. Gladstone expresses his wonder at the position occupied by many men of intellect and learning in regard to revealed truth. He says in the "Nineteenth Century" for November:—"For those who believe that the whole foundations are unshaken still, and that the fabric built upon them will look down for ages on the floating wreck of many a modern and boastful theory, it is difficult to see anything but infatuation in the destructive temperament which leads to the notion that to substitute a blind mechanism for the hand of God in the affairs of life is to enlarge the scope of remedial agency; that to dismiss the highest of all inspirations is to elevate the strain of human thought and life; and that each of us is to rejoice that our several units are to be disintegrated at death into countless millions of organisms, for such, it seems, is the latest 'revelation' delivered from the fragile tripod of a modern Delphi. Assuredly on the minds of those who believe, or else on the minds of those who after this fashion disbelieve, there lies some deep judicial darkness, a darkness that may be felt. While disbelief in the eyes of faith is a sore calamity, this kind of disbelief, which renounces and repudiates with more than satisfaction what is brightest and best in the inheritance of man, is astounding, and might be deemed incredible."

**Sir Joshua's Parrot.**—Sir Joshua Reynolds had a macaw which was a great pet and well known to his friends and frequent visitors. It was a great favourite with Doctor Johnson, who used to sit with it on his shoulder. He was thus sitting, when he rose to receive Miss Hannah More the first time she saw the doctor. With great gallantry he greeted her with a verse of her own poetry, "the macaw jauntily perched on his arm." A curious story is told of this intelligent bird. Young Northcote, when a pupil in Sir Joshua's studio, took a portrait of one of the servants, against whom the parrot harboured a grudge. The picture being taken into the room where the bird was, it instantly flew at the canvas with the utmost rage, nor could it ever see the picture without renewing the exhibition of feeling.

**Boycotting.**—Mrs. Bagwell, of Clonmel, explains to Englishmen what boycotting in Ireland implies. "It means that a peaceable subject of the Queen is denied food and drink; that he is ruined in his business; that his cattle are unsaleable at fairs; that the smith will not shoe his horse, nor the carpenter mend his cart; that old friends pass him by on the other side, making the sign of the cross; that his children are hooted at the village school; that he sits apart like an outcast in his usual place of public worship. And all for doing nothing but what the law says he has a perfect right

to do. I know of a man who is afraid to visit his own son. A trader who is even suspected of dealing with such a victim of tyranny may be ruined by the mere imputation. His customers shun him from fear, and he is obliged to get a character from some notorious leaguer. Membership of the National League is in many cases as necessary a protection as ever was a certificate of civism under Robespierre. The real Jacobins are few, but the masses groan and submit. It is not upon the highly placed and comparatively wealthy that the weight of this tyranny falls. Distant markets are open to a gentleman, his friends do not cut him, and as a rule he is not deserted by those whom he employs; nor is he always tied to the same place. It is upon farmers and shopkeepers that the yoke presses. Private spites are wreaked under the guise of patriotism; commercial greed finds an easy way to crush enterprising competitors, and dumb terror is the order of the day."

**A Soldier's Will.**—A touching incident appeared in proving the will of Lord St. Vincent, captain in the 10th Lancers, who died in the Soudan. The Right Hon. John Edward Leveson, Viscount St. Vincent, late of Norton Disney, Lincolnshire, died on January 22 last, at Abou Klea, in the Soudan. By the will testator leaves all the estates he can dispose of to his brother, the Hon. St. Leger Jervis. The codicil was made by the deceased after he was wounded; it is written on one of the pages of his pocket Army Book, following some notes as to camels, sketches, and other military memos.; and the book is filed in the principal registry of the Probate Court. The codicil is in pencil, in the form of a letter, but not witnessed. Being, however, written by the deceased himself, he being at the time engaged in actual military service in the face of the enemy, and intended by him to operate should he die, it has full and binding effect in law. It is as follows:—"Dear Mama,—In the event of my dying under the operation about to be performed, I should like Pts. Teaffey, Hosmer, and Knight to have an annuity of £15 each. I should like a tablet put in Norton Church, with a small description, from 'Army List' or elsewhere, of my military life.—Your affte. son, ST. VINCENT.—To Lady St. Vincent."

**True Love to God and Man.**—The love of God, as it is the only source of every right feeling, and action, so it is the only principle which necessarily involves the love of our fellow-creatures. There is a love of partiality but not of benevolence; of sensibility but not of philanthropy; of friends and favourites, of parties and societies, but not of man collectively. It is true we may and do, without this principle, relieve his distresses, but we do not bear with his faults. We may promote his fortune, but we do not forgive his offences; above all we are not anxious for his immortal interests. We could not see him want without pain, but we can see him sin without emotion. We could not hear of a beggar perishing at our door without horror; but we can, without concern, witness an acquaintance dying without repentance. Is it not strange that we must participate something of the divine nature before we can really love the human? It seems to be an insensibility to sin, rather than want of benevolence to mankind, that makes us naturally pity the temporal and be careless of their spiritual wants; but does not this very insensibility proceed from a want of love to God?—*Hannah More.*

**Lieutenant Greely.**—At the Scottish Geographical Society Mr. Greely of the American Navy gave an interesting narrative of his Arctic adventures: "Our voyage to Fort Conger, Discovery Harbour, was short and prosperous, and speedily we erected on that shore our small house, the most northern habitation of civilised man. Arctic life and methods are much the same in all expeditions, and I pass them over; simply observing that at the end of two years' service, within eight degrees of the Pole, we had no serious frost bites, no dangerous sickness, no scurvy, and no disaster. I kept parties in the field seventeen days after the winter sun had gone, and sent them again ten days before its return. Our experiences prove quite conclusively the superiority of small, perfectly equipped parties, assisted by dogs, which enable movement to be made with far greater facility than with larger and more unmanageable bodies of men alone. Considering sledging in a scientific expedition as the commander's

duty, I travelled 600 miles without dogs. Lieutenant Lockwood travelled nearly 1,200 miles with dogs and 400 without. Sergeant Braird's total journey must have reached 2,000 miles, as he was not only Lieutenant Lockwood's faithful associate in the farthest north and the crossing of Grinnell Land, but also did other work. The distance from Conger to Eskimo Point is 300 miles, though the ice conditions involved 500 miles of travel. I landed my party of twenty-five on that coast in health and strength, together with all collections, every paper, all the records, and every scientific instrument with which I left my station. Not a pound of serviceable food was left in any cache to the northward, and we killed twenty days' food while drifting in Kane Sea. Of the long winter, fighting against fate, hoping against hope, ever striving our best and never despairing, I have but little to say. It was passed as men must pass it when thrown without shelter, warmth, or even proper food on a barren, desolate coast. Throughout it all the party, as a whole, displayed the most remarkable fortitude, cheerfulness, and courage. I think better of mankind for my experience with those starving men—never warm, our sleeping bags frozen to the ground, hunger ever gnawing, with no ray of light entering our hut for five Arctic winter months. Yet the returning sunlight came with but one death. Had strength remained but a few weeks longer we could have reached Smith Sound by boat, since its open mid-channel prevented crossing by sledge. But it was not to be, and finally, as all knew, relief did come on Midsummer Day, when the seven remaining were within a few hours of eternity. The scientific observations were as fully made as our instruments would permit, and whether their results will be commensurate with the hopes of the promoters of the international scheme time alone can show." Lieutenant Greely replied to statements as to the article, "Polar Regions," in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and in his closing remarks he said:—"I cannot conclude without referring to my obligations to one whom Americans as well as Britons honour and love as a woman and as a sovereign—her Majesty the Queen. I should fail in duty to my living comrades as to myself did I not express how deeply our hearts were touched on learning of her Majesty's gracious act as a sovereign in sending the stanch Alert to our relief, and to her thoughtful and tender consideration as a woman in the message of sympathy and inquiry after our return."

**Lord Melbourne on his Better Side.**—"He lived surrounded by books, and nothing prevented him, even when Prime Minister, and with all the calls on his time to which he was compelled to attend, from reading every new publication of interest or merit, as well as revelling frequently among the favourite authors of his early studies. His memory was extremely retentive and amply stored with choice passages of every imaginable variety, so that he could converse learnedly upon almost all subjects, and was never at a loss for copious illustrations, amusing anecdotes, and happy quotations. His richness of talk was rendered more piquant by the quaintness and oddity of his manner, and an ease and naturalness proceeding in no small degree from habits of self-indulgence and freedom, a licence for which was conceded to him by common consent, even by the Queen herself, who, partly from regard for him and partly from being amused at his ways, permitted him to say and do what he pleased in her presence. He was often paradoxical, and often concise, terse, epigrammatic, acute, droll, with fits of silence and abstraction, from which he would suddenly break out with a vehemence and a vigour which amazed those who were accustomed to him, and filled with indescribable astonishment those who were not. He never was really fitted for political life, for he had a great deal too much candour, and was too fastidious to be a good party man."—*The Greville Memoirs.*

**Sir Charles Warren's Report of his Volunteer Rifles.**—"There was every intention to fight on the part of the filibusters, and on the part of those who sympathised with them, but when they found them prepared at all points they did not know how to commence. They received no provocation, and they simply retired and disappeared. This was due in a great measure to the rapidity with which the troops were organised, disciplined, and drilled, and marched up the

country. In four months from the date of leaving England they had occupied Goshenland and driven the filibusters out. The completeness of the organisation, the rapidity of the marches, and the knowledge that there were several thousand good shots in the force, had a most wholesome effect; the facts also that the officers and men were dressed alike, that the officers were armed with rifles, and that the dress of the troops had no distinguishing characteristics at a distance, were not only noticed by the Boers, but described by their papers to be very unfair. Their proceedings were all narrowly watched and commented on, and the conclusion that the Boers arrived at was that if they attempted to fight they would meet more than their match, and they acted according to their discretion. The effect, however, upon them was described throughout South Africa as being equivalent to a tremendous thrashing; their blatant and truculent behaviour to the people throughout the Cape Colony ceased, and there was a testimony from all the large centres in South Africa that the effect of the expedition was to restore to Englishmen the prestige which they had lost during the last six years.

**London Bobbies.**—A paper in the Czech language explains to its readers that the London Police are called *Neviditelní nebo* or "boby" from their general ignorance and incapacity of communicating information to foreigners! He evidently takes "boby" for "booby," not aware that Bobby was the name given familiarly when Sir Robert Peel, as Home Secretary, introduced the new police system.

**Puzzle with Letters.**—Some time since students at the Boston Institute of Technology designed a puzzle which is interesting. Given two words of an equal number of letters, the problem is to change one to the other by altering one letter at a time of the first so as to make a legitimate English word, continuing the alterations until the desired result is attained. The conditions are that only one letter shall be altered to form each new word, and that none but words which can be found in English dictionaries shall be used. Here are some examples of the changes.

East to West.—East, vast, west, west.

Dog to Cat.—Dog, dig, fig, fit, fat, cat.

Soup to Fish.—Soup, soul, soil, foil, fowl, foot, coot, cost, cast, fast, fist, fish.

Road to Rail.—Road, rood, root, coot, coat, coal, coil, toil, tail, rail.

Milk to Hash.—Milk, mile, male, mate, hate, hath, hash.

**The Figure-head's Cocked Hat.**—There is a well-known story of the seamen on board one of the ships under Howe in the action of the 1st of June coming aft to the captain to tell him that a ball had knocked off their figure-head's cocked hat, and they begged the loan of one of his own cocked hats to replace it. A hat was found, it fitted the figure-head, and the men, satisfied by the effigy's recovery of its native dignity, went to work with their powder and shot with quickened spirit. This anxiety did not arise from the fear that if the old gentleman under the bowsprit remained barcheaded he would take cold, for the sailors knew him to be too thoroughly seasoned to all sorts of weathers to suffer from any disorder of that kind. The fact was, while this figure-head exposed a bald "nut," it presented an imperfect and mutilated portrait of the person after whose likeness it had been graven; it defeated Jack's notion of completeness, and with the loss of the cocked hat there had gone from the whole ship something that nothing but another cocked hat could return to her.

**Artists for the Enamel Trade.**—Artists complain of hard times, meaning that oil-paintings are not easily admitted at the Academy or sold to collectors. But there are other fields for art. We quote the following from the "Pottery Gazette." "Art, in the enamel trade, is subdivided. The landscape-painter is not also a flower-painter, neither is the flower-painter a figure-painter, nor the fruit-painter a bird-painter, and gilding is distinct from all. Amongst those who have passed away, Speight was a good landscape-painter, but Chamberlain, of Worcester, was a better; Walker, Doe, and Morgan, of Worcester, were also good landscape-painters, but they, too, are gone. The late Stephen Lawrence, of Coalport, was an excellent flower-painter, but Baxter, of



Swansea, was a better. David Evans was not excelled as a wild-flower painter. It was a remark in the trade that you might blow his wild roses off the ware, they appeared so light and real. Bradley and Simpson were other good painters, as were Joseph Emery and Mr. Locket, of the late Alcock's. Joshua Williams, of Worcester, was a good bird-painter, and Edwin Steele, of Staffordshire, of fruit. Lucas, of Derby, was another good landscape-painter, and Chesters, of Staffordshire, another; and others remain of the present day who cannot well be excelled. But in enamel landscapes, character is lost from the want of care in handling the picture. The trees have little or no character, and you cannot distinguish one species from another; and the perspective is sometimes faulty. The Chinese have little or no perspective at all. Lucas is good in aerial perspective, but both Lucas and Chesters injured their enamel touch by turning painters in oil. There are others now in the trade of great skill and promise, some foreigners of real artistic power. But if you look for the character of trees, as you find those trees in Constable's oil-paintings, you may look for them in vain."

**A New Paint.**—A new paint, consisting of a mixture of zinc white with zinc chloride, has been for some time in successful use at Brest for painting wood and metals. It becomes very hard, and can be washed or crushed without injury. It should not be applied, however, in rainy or frosty weather, as it then becomes mealy and scales off easily. Chloride of zinc is not the only salt which possesses the power of forming a mastic by its mixture with zinc white, for Sorel long ago showed that the proto-chlorides of iron, manganese, nickel, and cobalt were good bases for mastic. The dockyard authorities at Brest have extended their experiments, and have shown that the sulphate and nitrate of zinc, the nitrate and chloride of iron, and the sulphate and nitrate of manganese, all form good mastics with zinc white.—*Oil and Colourman's Journal.*

**Magna Charta Island.**—Mr. Barnum may have yet a chance of something as lucrative as Jumbo. Lately the estate of Ankerwycke, in Buckinghamshire, was offered for sale at the City Auction Mart, Tokenhouse Yard. Included in the sale was Magna Charta Island, the scene of the famous meeting between King John and the barons and prelates of England. The island contains a handsome residence, on the walls of the reception-room being painted the shields and arms of the barons. The biddings commenced with an offer of £36,000, and that sum advanced, after a somewhat protracted competition, until £50,000 was reached, beyond which figure intending purchasers did not seem inclined to go. The reserved price not having been touched, the property was withdrawn. It was then submitted in twelve separate lots, but, except in one instance, the prices tendered were not deemed sufficient, and in the interests of the vendors the eleven lots were also withdrawn.

**Resources of Africa for Commerce.**—The two latest African travellers, Mr. Thomson and Dr. Fischer, agree in giving rather desponding reports as to the commercial resources of Central Africa. There are few mineral products. The ivory export is only about £800,000 a year, and rapidly decreasing. Of vegetable products few are large in amount, the largest item, oil, having lately much decreased in value. Dr. Fischer affirms that the resources of Africa can never be developed by native labour, except the labour is forced—in other words, by slave labour. Happily these pessimist views are not those of Stanley on the Congo, nor of the missionaries there or in the Niger region. Europeans cannot colonise Central Africa; but a few Europeans, with the spirit of Moffat and Livingstone and Gordon, will raise the native character enough to secure better days for many parts of Central Africa.

**The Irish People.**—Mr. Justice Stephen, during the hearing of a case against three Irishmen charged with assault, and tried at the last Cambridgeshire and Hunts Assizes, strongly rebuked one witness who spoke in contemptuous terms of the Irish people. His lordship said "that he had passed a great portion of his life in Ireland from choice. He was glad to testify on any occasion to the kind and sympathetic character of the people. It was a great mistake on

the part of many Englishmen to look down upon Ireland." With this opinion of Mr. Justice Stephen many will agree. Professional agitators and paid adventurers have caused much of the bad feeling among both the English and Irish people. But for these professed patriots the Irish peasants would in many places be quiet and industrious and loyal. The opinion of John Wesley about the Irish is worth recalling. He appreciated the national character thoroughly in both its virtues and defects. He went to no place with more pleasure than to Ireland. He crossed the channel forty-two times, and spent at least six years of his laborious life there. He was sometimes mobbed and cruelly treated, but the violence was prompted by the priests, and, being local, did not affect his estimate of the people generally. "They are an immeasurably loving people," he writes. "So civil a people as the Irish in general," he says, "I never saw either in Europe or America." During a sermon once in the open air they would not cover their heads in a hailstorm, though he advised them to do so. It was not reverential and respectful, they thought. He found as "perfect courtesy" in their cabins as could be seen in courtly society in London or Paris. His audiences were often moved to tears, but, he adds, "the water spread too wide to be deep." He found it necessary to preach to them in a more alarming tone than he used in any other part of the United Kingdom. "Yet Ireland," says Abel Stevens, in his History of the Methodists, "was to yield him many of his most eminent coadjutors—Adam Clarke, Henry Moore, Thomas Walsh, Gideon Ouseley, and scores more. Irishmen were to found Methodism, or to aid in founding it, in the North American British Provinces, in the United States, in the West Indies, in Australia, in Africa, in India."

**Yachting with Ice-boats.**—A very favourite amusement in the United States is yachting with ice-boats on the frozen rivers and lakes of the northern states, and especially upon the Upper and Middle Hudson. Ice-yachting clubs are formed, and have permanent existence at many of the principal points of the Hudson river. The authentic speed of these boats is marvellous. A mile a minute is often made by the "flyers." It is thought that, under perfectly favourable circumstances, these boats, for short stretches, can be driven at the rate of ninety or a hundred miles an hour. Nine miles is said to have been travelled by the Snowflake in seven minutes. The hull of the boat is formed by a few timbers put together in a spider-like framework to secure the greatest strength and lightness. All sorts of rigs are used, and dozens of these craft may be seen in fine winter days on the Upper Hudson.

**Spitalfields Weavers.**—It appears that hand-loom weaving in London, which since the introduction of machinery has been in a declining way, is now rapidly approaching extinction. Fifty years since, according to Mr. Delaforce, 90,000 hands were employed in the silk-weaving in Spitalfields or the neighbourhood, where the frequent recurrence of the old Huguenot names still testifies to the historic associations of the locality. The number has since dwindled to 3,000, while the 30,000 looms existing in 1836 are now represented by 1,000 only.

**Robert Burns.**—At the basis of all his power lay absolute truthfulness, intense reality, truthfulness with the objects which he saw, truthfulness to himself as the seer of them. Here was a man, a son of toil, looking out on the world from his cottage on society, low and high, and on nature, homely or beautiful, with the clearest eye, the most piercing insight, and the warmest heart, touching life at a hundred points, seeing to the core all the sterling worth, nor less the pretence and hollowiness of the men he met, the humour, the drollery, the pathos, and the sorrow of human existence, and expressing what he saw, not in the stock phrases of books, but in his own vernacular—the language of his fireside—with a directness, a force, a vitality that tingled to the finger-tips and forced the phrases of his peasant dialect into literature and made them for ever classical. Large sympathy, generous enthusiasm, reckless abandonment, fierce indignation, melting compassion, rare flashes of moral insight—all were there. Everywhere you see the strong intellect made love and driven home to the mark by the fervid heart behind it.—*Principal Shairp.*



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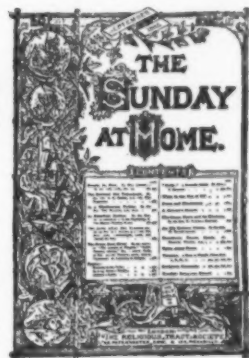
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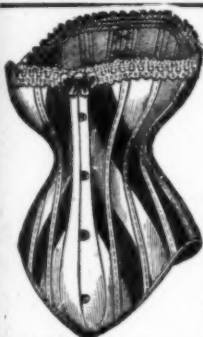


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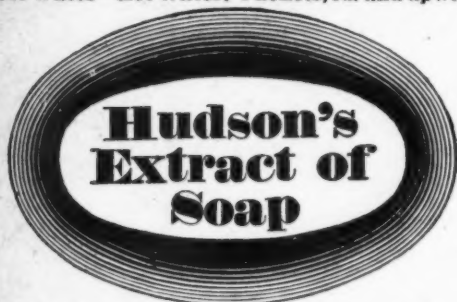
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